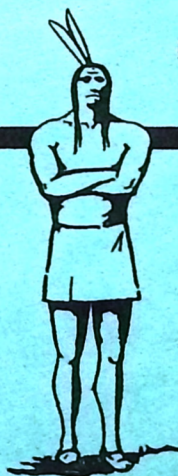


A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants." -Macaulay.

FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy,
Pioneer Achievement



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W. H.

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JULY, 1924

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Remarkable Story of a Very Old Man.

By J. Marvin Hunter

Amasa Clark, who in the ruggedness of young manhood penetrated the one-time wilderness where Bandera now stands, is the living proof that four score and ten and even more years are not always a handicap to activities late in life. For almost three-quarters of a century he has been living near Bandera. His advent there had all of the thrills of pioneering in a savage-infested country, devoid of even crude comforts except those that hardy souls might create in the strenuous struggle of hewing a path for civilization.

A word painter, with vision enough to grasp history in the making, could weave a wonderful story of the life of this grand old man, Amasa Clark, who looks serenely back upon almost a hundred years of the greatest changes the world has ever known. Men have looked with awe upon some inanimate object—a tree or a towering peak—that has stood immutable amid the great changes of the years. Amasa Clark has watched changes as great, and more, he can tell of them. His memory is fresh and he tells the story with interest and spirit.

Born on Socharrie Creek, in Socarrie County, New York, September 3 1828, only a few years after Old Hickory whipped the British at New Orleans, and before the Alamo and San Jacinto field were baptized into immortality by the blood of Texas heroes, he has passed through five wars on the soil of the United States. Thus he faced all the dangers, hardships and privations that

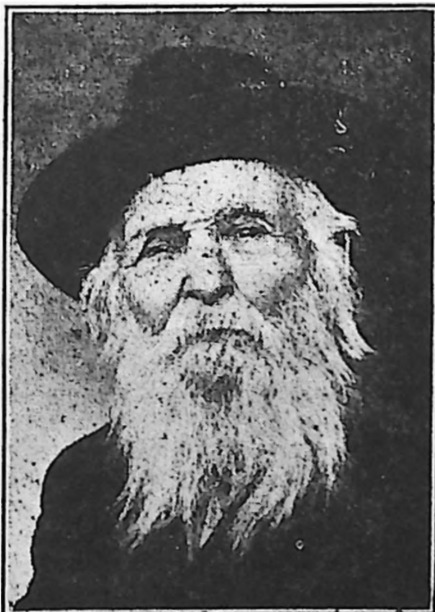
were the lot of those who went ahead to soften the wilderness for the tender feet of civilization.

From the time when armies were contending with muzzle-loading muskets, and wooden frigates sailed the seas, he has watched the science of warfare develop into a systematic slaughter by aerial monsters hurled by a tremendous force of explosives a thousand times more powerful than the gunpowder that prostrated the American Indians with awe at the coming of the first white men. He has lived from the time when solid shot was the greatest weapon at the command of the armies to the day of the explosive shell which sweeps all things living from vast areas.

He has watched the trail of wild things through the wilderness metamorphosed into teeming paths of commerce. He has seen the primeval water, which formerly stirred only at the thrust of the savage canoe, ripple proudly before the bow of the river steam-

er. He has seen the place of the ox-drawn vehicle taken by the high-powered automobile and the giant airplanes contending for the supremacy of the air. Amasa Clark has seen much, and it is his earnest hope that he may live to see society and its foster father, Civilization, triumph at last in the realization of universal peace.

When Amasa Clark came into this world Texas was a province, the home of wild beasts and savage men; a province whose rivers, mountains and plains were unexplored, and whose future found



Amasa Clark

outline only in the ambitious plans of a Burr, a Wilkinson, or a Blannerhassett. When but a lad he left his native State, New York, and enlisted in the army, and valiantly fought his way from Vera Cruz to Chapultepec with Gen. Scott, and when victory had crowned the American arms there, he came to Texas. Here he cast his lot to blaze the way for oncoming generations. He has seen the signal fires of the savage gleam from a thousand peaks and has followed their encrimsoned trail across a thousand hills and plains along the vast extent of our Texas border. Sitting upon the pedestal of years, he can now look down upon an Empire State where savage invasion is only a memory; where homes, towns and cities dot the land, where a million boys and girls go to school, and with lofty and exultant pride may well this venerated father exclaim: "I was an humble factor in this wonderful achievement!"

Like most men of his advanced age, the period of second childhood has succeeded that of vigorous manhood, but the memory fraught with the record of three generations is not bedimmed by the frailties of extreme age, and he has a ready recollection of events and incidents of early days that is, to say the least, remarkable. Just a question or a suggestion is all that is needed to awaken his memory and he unfolds narrative after narrative of thrilling events of the distant past. Incidents of his early childhood days are clearly remembered by him, and he relates them to his grandchildren and great-grandchildren today.

He claims his age is 96, and has records to prove it. He is still a well preserved man and quite active in mind and body. He has never used tobacco or liquor and is proud of it. His eyesight is not good, and besides using spectacles he is compelled to use also a magnifying glass when reading fine print. His hearing is somewhat impaired, yet he can hear when addressed in loud tones. Mr. Clark is today drawing a pension of \$50 per month from the Government for his service in the Mexican War, and expressed the confidence recently that this pension would soon be increased to \$72 per month. Mr. Clark manages his own farm, looks after his business affairs with the same ability he has always displayed. He gets about without the aid of a cane, his step is sprightly, and his extreme age is indicated only by his

stooped shoulders and white hair. In appearance he would easily pass for a man about 68 or 70 years.

Mr. Clark is the father of 19 children, several of whom are now old men and women. All of his children are living except two. He has been married twice. His present wife, one son and wife constitute the family at the old homestead today. He has a beautiful farm four miles southwest of Bandera. Here he has spent many years. Many years ago he was successfully engaged in the fruit and nursery business on this place, but he has long since abandoned the nursery, and devotes his attention now to his pear orchard. He determined many years ago to demonstrate that Bandera County was a fruit country, and his only regret is he did not commence sooner.

At the close of the Mexican War, Mr. Clark was discharged from the service at San Elizario, near El Paso. He then went to San Antonio, from there to the Fredericksburg Crossing on the Guadalupe, and soon after came to the present site of Bandera, in 1852. At that time there were but three families living in tents, and all were engaged in making shingles from the cypress timber. The names of the men then in camp were Judge Saner, later of Boerne, and Milstead and Odom. The latter gentleman was afterwards a member of the State Legislature. At that time Bandera County was unorganized, but was attached to Bexar County. Castroville, about 35 miles below, had been settled only a few years before by French and German colonists. Game of all kinds was abundant.

Shortly after Mr. Clark arrived in this region some Mormon families came and established a settlement, and later 16 families of Polish colonists arrived from the old country and located here, and the town of Bandera had a beginning. Mr. Clark remembers nearly all of these early settlers and when he meets their descendants today he greets them in the usual familiar way and calls them by name. Only a few days ago I asked him if he knew a certain man, who is past 70 years old, and Mr. Clark promptly answered, "Oh, yes, I knew him when he was a little boy, tied to his mamma's apron strings."

He recounts many interesting events of the early times, tragedies that have taken place, weddings of early citizens, and is authority on anything of a historical character that concerns this re-

gion. His reminiscences would fill a volume, if he recited only the things that he has witnessed in Bandera County. He has never aspired to public office. He was once elected Sheriff of this county, but declined the office. He has materially assisted in the organization of the country, and in developing its resources. He attributes his long life to the climatic conditions, to the good water, and to clean habits. He says this is the best country on earth.

Mr. Clark narrowly missed death a few years after he came to Bandera. Himself, Dr. Thompson and a Mr. Kindla, went to San Antonio in a wagon and on their return trip camped on the road five miles from that town. The weather was cold and they slept on pallets on the ground near the campfire. Robbers had followed them from San Antonio, and stealing upon them while they slept, struck the three men on the head, robbed them and pillaged the wagon. Dr. Thompson was killed where he lay, and the other two, Mr. Clark and Mr. Kindla, were rendered insensible. Some time near morning Mr. Clark regained consciousness, and realizing that something was wrong he crawled to where Dr. Thompson lay, and found him dead. He then crawled to Mr. Kindla and found him still unconscious. About sun-up he managed to hitch the oxen to the wagon, and by almost superhuman effort succeeded in getting Kindla aboard, and started for Mr. Milstead's house, a few miles away, arriving there in a dazed condition. The alarm was raised and a party repaired to the scene of the tragedy.

An old rusty escopete barrel was found lying in the camp—the weapon which was used by the robbers in doing murderous work. Mr. Clark left a trail of blood wherever he went while getting the oxen and hitching them to the wagon. Very little money was secured by the robbers, as these three men had invested what few dollars they possessed in supplies while in town but most of these supplies were taken from the wagon and carried off. The body of Dr. Thompson was taken to San Antonio and buried. A vigilance committee was organized and took the trail of the robbers. Two desperadoes, named Augustine and Hart, were suspected of this crime, and when the vigilance committee came upon Hart in San Antonio a desperate battle ensued, which resulted in the death of Hart, Bill Stroupe, the city marshal was killed by

Hart in this fight. He had 18 bullets in his body when he fell. Augustine made his escape.

Mr. Clark and Mr. Kindla remained under treatment in San Antonio until able to return home, but Kindla never entirely recovered, and died two years later from the effects of his wounds. He has a son, E. F. Kindla, living in Bandera still. Mr. Clark recovered completely, but two or three sunken places on his head plainly show where he was struck by the gun barrel over 60 years ago. He often tells his visitors about the time when he was "murdered by robbers," and says the reason he did not know anything about it at the time was because he was sound asleep.

He relates his experiences in the Mexican War as follows:

"On the 9th day of March 1847, Gen. Scott landed his army of 12,000 men from a fleet of one hundred and sixty-three transports, just below Vera Cruz. Ten days later, having placed his batteries in position, he demanded the surrender of the city, and when his demand was met with refusal heavy bombardment was begun from shore and from the ships in the harbor. Vera Cruz withstood the siege for eight days but the terrific fire of shot and shell compelled its capitulation, and on the 26th of March, Scott's army marched in and took possession. During the bombardment over a thousand lives were lost. San Juan de Ulua, a strong fortress, which stood on an island in the harbor was captured with the city.

"On account of the sickly locality, and pestilential consequences, Gen. Scott did not remain long in the captured city, but almost immediately left the coast and moved forward to the highlands, preparatory to commencing his march on the City of Mexico, the ancient capital of the Aztecs, which over three hundred years before had been taken by Cortez, the Spanish conquerer. By the middle of April we reached the hills, leaving the unhealthy tierra callientas behind us, where the table lands abruptly end above the hot plains, where a river forces itself through deep chasms, and here our road wound through a narrow defile, hewn out of the mountain sides. As we wended our way through this defile, the great mass of troops slowly proceeding on the march, we found our progress obstructed.

"The Mexicans had fortified Cerro

Gordo a naturally strong position by erecting breastworks and planting batteries which commanded every point. The top of Cerro Gordo bristled with cannon which could sweep our whole army into a deep ravine if we approached nearer. But Gen. Scott managed to flank the battery, while demonstrations were being made on either side, and our division, under Gen. Twiggs, stormed and carried the center of Cerro Gordo completely routing the Mexicans and turned their own fortification guns upon them. The slaughter was awful, more than a thousand of the enemy being killed and three thousand prisoners being taken. Our army lost about four hundred men. Gen. Santa Anna was in command but he escaped, leaving his wooden leg on the field in his haste to get out of reach of the fury of the Americans. I think, if my memory serves correctly, that Gen. Scott's whole force amounted to about eight thousand men at this time.

"Gen. Patterson was on the sick list just before the Cerro Gordo fight, and when the order came for us to prepare to advance against the fortifications, as directed by Gen. Twiggs, the word reached Gen. Patterson, who rising from his sick bed, commanded that all operations against the enemy should cease until Gen. Scott came up with his forces. And a wise decision it was, for if Gen. Twiggs' order had been carried out on that occasion it would have meant the complete annihilation of our division. As soon as Gen. Scott arrived and learned the situation he at once began a reconnoitering movement, with the result that he got the enemy's exact location and was enabled to flank them.

"We immediately pushed on, flushed with the victory we had gained, and occupied Jalapa, taking the Castle of Perote, where we captured a great amount of arms and ammunition.

"A portion of our army under General Worth went forward and captured Puebla, a city of 80,000 inhabitants, and it was here that we tarried while Gen. Scott sent emissaries to negotiate peace terms, but without success. Puebla was taken on the 22nd day of May, and on the 7th of August, 1847, we pushed on towards the City of Mexico, ten thousand strong, and every one enthusiastic and confident that we would surmount the mountain barriers that hemmed the beautiful valley of Mexico, and ere long gaze upon the city we in-

tended to conquer. Three centuries before Cortez had followed this same route,

"On the 10th of August we beheld the extensive valley of Mexico before us. Lakes, plains, cities and snow-capped mountains burst upon our gaze. Away in the distance we saw the great city of the Montezumas, with its lofty domes and towers. But between that city and our army were strong fortifications and a Mexican army of thirty thousand men under Santa Anna to overcome. On our route stood the hill, El Pinon, which bristled with cannon from base to summit. We took that hill and routed the enemy. I distinctly remember the bloody struggle we had there. From here we marched on and entered the town of San Augustine on the 18th of August. We knew we were in a perilous situation, for we were but a mere ten thousand men almost surrounded by thirty thousand soldiers fighting the invaders of their country, but we were confident and hopeful. I recall the frantic zeal that was apparent on the part of the enemy's leaders. Church bells were cast into cannon, military and religious leaders using every endeavor to arouse patriotism in behalf of their country.

"On August 20 we carried the Mexican camp of Contereras by assault, and on the same day we captured the strong fortress of San Antonio and gained a signal victory at Churubusco. Santa Anna's army, demoralized, fled to the capital, leaving over 4,000 dead on the field and 3,000 prisoners in our hands.

"Within the walls of the convent of Churubusco were gathered the flower of the Mexican defenders, the national guard, besides a band of renegade Irishmen who had deserted from the American ranks and now fought against their own troops. These wretches formed a battalion called St. Patrick's, and as soon as the convent was taken Gen. Twigg dealt with them summarily. The ringleaders were hung and 16 of their followers were unmercifully flogged. Sixteen hundred prisoners were taken at San Antonio, but I do not recall the number of Mexicans killed.

"A temporary halt in our onward march was called, to prepare for the assault against the walls of the City of Mexico, and while Gen. Scott was making his preparations the enemy requested an armistice, which was granted, but when Gen. Scott learned that the Mexican general was improving the time by

strengthening the defenses of the capital, he declared the armistice at the end on the 7th day of September, 1847.

"We took by storm the strong position of Molino del Rey (King's Mill) on September 8, and the demoralized troops fled toward Chapultepec, where we had a bloody struggle. Chapultepec Castle, now the home of the president of Mexico, was a stronghold that stood on a high eminence overlooking the surrounding country. The walls of this castle were almost impregnable, and it was a difficult undertaking to ascend the steep hillside to scale the walls, but our men knew no such word as failure, and we began the assault with a determination to do or die. We approached with a rush, going from tree to tree, from pillars of the old aqueduct to anything that offered the least protection, and many times having to take open ground and meet the withering fire of the Mexicans, but we kept right on until we went over the walls, and the castle was ours. From its tower our flag soon floated and cheer after cheer rent the air. We had fought all day in taking this fort, and when Old Glory waved proudly from that tower we felt that we had each one performed a soldier's full duty that day.

"That was September 13, 1847, over three score and ten years ago, but as I look back upon that scene and recall the heroism and devotion of my brave comrades in that bloody struggle, I am still proud of our achievement. I understand that that battle ground is today one of the beauty spots of the Mexican capital, and that a marble monument bearing the names of my comrades who fell there, stands in a beautiful park just a short distance from the castle.

"On September 14 our army, with Gen. Scott at the head, entered the Mexican capital in triumph, and we saw the Stars and Stripes hoisted over the National Palace. Santa Anna and his generals had fled.

"I remained in the City of Mexico nine months, and when the treaty between that country and the United States had been ratified our troops were withdrawn. During the time I was there I had many thrilling experiences. I remember my first earthquake shock very distinctly. I am not a user of strong drink and never have cared for liquor, but one day I was offered a drink of Mexican brandy, and took a big swallow. When I stepped out on the street

a few moments later my head began to spin, my feet became wobbly, and the buildings about me seemed to be swaying. I decided that I was drunk for the first time in my life, but in a few seconds people began to pour out of their houses and run pell mell down the street, some falling on their knees and praying to the saints to protect them, and some screaming that the end of time had come. I could not understand all the commotion, and thought if one drink of that Mexican brandy produced that sort of a sensation, what would two drinks produce? It turned out to be a severe earthquake, however, and I was not drunk at all.

"When orders came to leave there I was anxious to get back to my native land, and went to Vera Cruz, where we took a boat for New Orleans. Reaching New Orleans, we went up the Mississippi River to Bayou Gould. That fall I came to Texas and for a while was stationed at San Elizario, near El Paso.

"When I enlisted it was only for the term of the war, but somehow they got me down for five years. I wrote my father in New York and told him they had me enlisted for five years, and he got an investigation started in the War Department in Washington, with the result that it was found that a mistake had been made, so in a short time my discharge was forthcoming. At the time I was in Company I, Third Infantry, and one day I was called up and told that I was discharged. Lieut. McFerrin informed me that I could remain there and draw rations as long as I wanted to, but I went to El Paso and remained there until Lieut. Mecklin came to that place. Here I met Polly Rodriguez, who was in Mecklin's company, and he informed me that they were soon to start to San Antonio, so I decided to go with them.

"It was a long, tiresome trip, through an uninhabited and desert region, and I was glad to fall in with his company. This was in 1850. Polly Rodriguez afterwards settled in Bandera County, and lived here until he died in 1914. I intended to go back to New York, but had no funds. I met O. B. Miles in San Antonio, and we worked together, going to the Guadalupe River and making shingles which we sold in San Antonio at \$5 per thousand. I came to Bandera in 1852 with Rufus Brown, who lived on Bandera Creek, and have been here ever since."

An Increasing Herd of Buffalo.

Frederick B. Edwards, in New York Tribune.

The herd of wild buffalo which is living on the Western Canadian plains at the expense of the Dominion government, and which represents the largest surviving colony of the American bison, has multiplied so rapidly since 1908 that last year the government was compelled to slaughter 2,000 of the animals because even the prairie lands of vast Wainwright Park could not provide forage for the full herd.

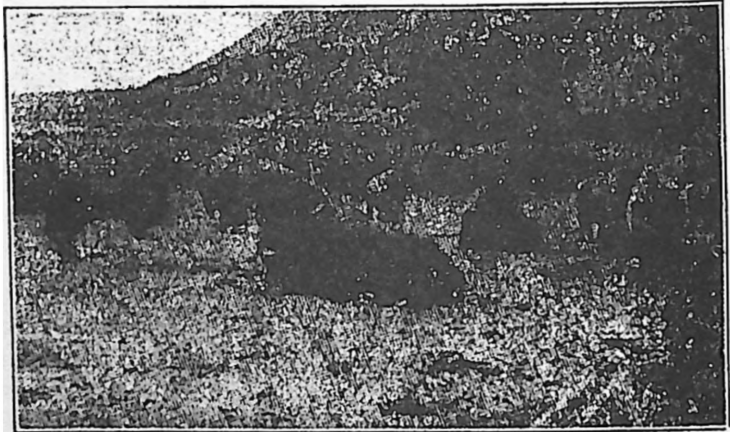
Less than a century ago the territory between the Mississippi and the Rockies, north to the Arctic Circle, swarmed with bison as Broadway swarms with taxicabs. David Thomson, pioneer historian of the pioneer plains, wrote in 1801: "The prairies are actually covered with buffalo," and in 1814 again found it worthy of remark that "the ground was crowded with buffalo at every point of the compass as far as the eye could see."

But in 1889, according to Dr. W. T. Hornaday, the total number of buffalo running wild and unprotected was less than 1,000. The white civilization had swept the lordly bison from his plains. There remained for many years a herd of buffalo ranging the southern border line of the Arctic Circle. This northern herd was the surviving half of the main body of Western bison, which was cut in two in 1865 by the building of the first Canadian transcontinental railroad and cities, cattle ranges and wheat acreage and settlers who hunted the buffalo for sport, profit and as a menace to their crops and domestic herds. The second half, driven south, went into Saskatchewan and Alberta and were slaughtered by the Crees of the plains; a few survivors fled into the United States and fell victims to the white settlers, so that the herd on the south of the new railway line was wiped out, while the bulk of the northern group was still battling for a chance to maintain its existence.

The Arctic winter and Arctic wolves gradually wore down these last remnants. By 1899 there were hardly 1,000 left. Of this 1,000 most were held on a ranch own-

ed by A. C. Allard and Michael Pablo, near St. Ignatius Mission, on the Montana Flathead Indian reservation.

Buffalo Jones of Oklahoma also held a remnant of 44 animals, of which 26 were throughbred and 18 hybrids. Exactly why Allard and Pablo should have shown so keen an interest in preserving the animals, which their neighboring ranchers were killing off as fast as they could find them, is not a matter of record, but some of the old-timers have heard it said that Pablo,



Buffalo on the Range.

who was a Mexican halfbreed with keener sense of vision than most men of his time possessed foresaw the day when the buffalo would be so scarce as to be valuable for itself alone.

In 1903 the Allard-Pablo ranch bought up the herd owned by Buffalo Jones, and so established itself as the last sanctuary of the American bison.

A year or so later, Allard died, and Pablo the far-sighted became the sole owner of the herd, which then roamed far afield over the Pablo holdings. The constant encroachment of new ranchers, sheepmen and villages and towns warned Pablo that the time had come to sell.

As a loyal American the old rancher offered his herd to the United States Government. He set his price and Uncle Sam tried to beat it down. Pablo was displeased and turned to Ottawa. The Ottawa government contracted to purchase 1,000 of the animals at \$250 a head, and the deal was closed.

Eight of the animals destroyed themselves in their frantic efforts to escape captivity. Pablo's final delivery, tallied

only 716 of the 1,000 bison he had contracted to turn over, and he was paid on that basis. Once in Wainwright Park the animals found their surroundings very much to their taste. The park, which is a government reservation, contains 160 square miles of fenced prairie land, of exactly the type of country upon which the original bison herds flourished and multiplied. Restored to their native environment and rigidly protected the bison have flourished enormously. The

original herd of 716 has grown to 8,500, according to last summer's census.

New herds have been established in the Yukon from the Wainwright Park group, and numerous small groups have been given to various zoological parks. Seattle has a splendid buffalo family presented by the Canadian government from the Wainwright Park preserve, and the Gibson herd, near Yakima, was stocked in part from the Wainwright animals.

Got Fifty Dollars for An Indian's Scalp.

Curley Hatcher, Myrtle Point, Oregon.

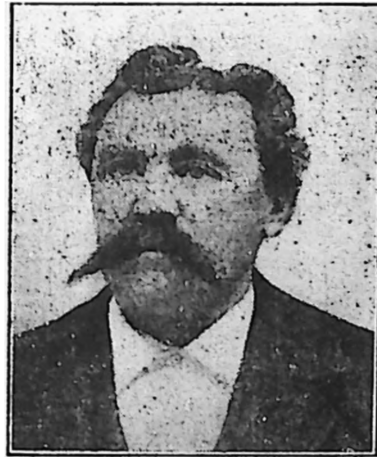
Some of the stories I have read in Frontier Times about trail driving have been a bit misleading, but I suppose such mistakes are due to the faulty memory of some of the writers. I do not claim to know it all, but will tell a part of what I do know, as I remember it. In 1867 I was at Baxter Springs, Kansas, and that was the first year of the drives. The trail herds were just coming in and had stopped out on Tar creek, Rock creek and other water courses in the Indian Territory. I was hired to work with the herds until they were sold out, which was done some time in October. Then I went back to Texas with the outfits. The first drive was made to Baxter Springs, and the next shipping place was Coffeyville, then Caldwell and Dodge City. Abilene was the last place we drove to, and about all of the long-horned mossy headed cattle had been driven before Abilene was thought of as a shipping point.

I see where one writer says their men had two horses to the man and they drove twenty-five thousand head! That writer, in speaking of the old cowboys, must have drawn upon his imagination. The largest herd I ever saw driven (and I have seen many) was forty-five hundred, and we had thirteen head of saddle horses to each man.

After I quit the trail I worked for Enoch Fineash at Trickham, and was sent to the Gholson & Miles round-up on Pecan Bayou where the Fort Griffin and Camp Colorado road crossed it. It required two weeks to work this round-up. Sam Gholson had charge of it, and in my opinion he was the best cowman in the west. It was estimated that we had

rounded up 200,000 head of cattle. I think it was the largest bunch of cattle ever rounded up.

In 1874 I joined Company E of the Texas Rangers, under Captain Jeff



Curley Hatcher.

Maltby, and I killed the first Indian that was killed by the Battalion. Captain Maltby gave me fifty dollars for the scalp and took it to Austin, where I suppose it is yet. I also served under Lieutenant Best and Lieutenant Foster, and was out with Minute Men under Captain John M. Elkins. I have chased buffalo and wild horses over the ground where Coleman City now stands, so I believe I have a right to be classed as an old timer. I am now 77 years old, and my first trip to Texas from my native state, Missouri, was in 1859.

Frontier Times is the only magazine of its kind in the United States.

Life History of a Pioneer Citizen of Sabinal.

By A. J. Durham in Sabinal Sentinel

Ancient history tells us that having brought every nation in the world to its knees before him, Alexander the Great, after conveying his victorious army down the Indus to the sea sat up on a rock and looking out over the broad expanse of water actually wept because there were no more worlds to conquer.

Now the writer of these lines is not downcast nor broken-hearted because there are no more out-laws to hang in Uvalde county. We have taken all the scalps we need and there are no more out laws to hang. So far as we have ever heard this expresses the sentiments of all those early settlers that we have ever known; in fact most of them console themselves with the fact that those days have given away before a higher civilization and passed in the discard with the things that have been.

The frontier has forever disappeared from Uvalde county, and from Texas and while there was about those days and conditions that we cannot express on paper, but can see more clearly in perspective, yet we can say goodbye to them without emotion.

What we do regret exceedingly is the fact that there are so many chapters of the most thrilling history of Uvalde county wrapped up in those days that will never be written; history that our children will never know anything about in which their ancestors were the principal characters and actors upon a rugged stage set for the great drama of heroic endeavor in reclaiming this virgin land from the dominion of the red man and passing it on to the peaceful man with the hoe who digs wealth from its fertile soil.

The task that these pioneers set for themselves cannot be measured in dollars and cents but in human sacrifices that can not be expressed in cold type at this time and the heroic deeds and achievements of these people will soon be forgotten except in tradition which is neither safe nor accurate.

We are prone to praise and exalt the valor and heroism of the men and women who made our National Independence possible: the brilliant charge of Pickett's brigade at Gettysburg; the great soldiers whose martial spirit, indomitable courage, their endurance,

their fearlessness and self abandon in battle drew the applause and admiration of two hemispheres during the Civil War; our childrens' children will recite the lines that immortalize the World War "In Flanders field where poppies blow between the crosses row on row," and this is altogether right and proper that they should do so, but I wonder if we ever stop to think that Uvalde county has held within her borders in days that are past and gone as brave men and women as ever stood under God's sunlight?

I wonder if we ever think about the brave, unselfish souls who blazed the way for us, drove back the murderous savages and opened up this fair land of Uvalde county to a higher civilization? I wonder how many of the present generation know or care anything about those fathers and mothers who threw their lives into the crucible of hardships and deprivations, took an even chance with cunning redskins and were able to outwit them, beat them at their own game and drive them from their possessions and yet their heroic deeds and achievements will be unknown and unsung because no one has ever taken the trouble to write them into the history of Uvalde County.

Now most of us are here in this beautiful community enjoying life, liberty and happiness, the resultant fruits of a generation of men and women who have left their foot prints on the sands of time in Uvalde county. A few, a very few of those brave unselfish pioneers are still here biding their summons to cross the Great Divide and with the passing of each one of those who have lived through this transition period of more than 40 years I write this article.

Jack Davenport, who recently passed to his reward was one of those brave, unselfish pioneers and it is a melancholy pleasure to me to testify to his deserving worth as a man, as a patriotic citizen, as a good neighbor, and loyal friend; to his rugged honesty, integrity and his plain unassuming character, who always stood four square to the world in every phase of his life and intercourse with his fellow man, and to know A. J. Davenport was to respect him.

Andrew Jackson Davenport was of English descent on both sides. He was

born in Johnson County, Mo., June 10th 1843, and died at Sabinal, Texas on February 18th, 1924. His father, John Davenport, was born in Virginia. His mother, Susan (Little) Davenport was born in Kentucky.

His parents moved from Missouri to Kaufman county, and on to Uvalde county in 1853 and settled with the Kellys, Thompsons and Fenleys in the Sabinal Canyon.

These four families had a community farm and worked about 300 acres and all lived close together for company and protection. There were plenty of Indians all around them, but they were peaceable and friendly. On one occasion when Mr. Davenport's mother went to a spring that was between two large cypress trees near where Mr. Charles Jones now lives above Utopia, a big buck Indian met her and patted her on the shoulder and told her, "Me see you lots of times, you come for water, me hide around tree." Afterward these Indians Lipans, became very troublesome, took the war-path and committed all kinds of deviltry. Knowing the people and the country so well the white settlers were at a great disadvantage and their depredations became so constant and bad it was necessary for the settlers to build a stockade and take turns in guarding it day and night. Even then the Indians kept them stole out of work stock nearly all the time.

The settlers also arranged to have their families rush together upon a certain signal being given, and all stay together when the men were unavoidably away from home.

This gives only a faint idea of the environment in which Mr. Davenport was raised and the opportunity would he had for an education. Contrast it with conditions in Uvalde county at this time, young folks, then ask yourselves how such an opportunity would suit you. Mr. Davenport got his education in the hard school of experience, such experience as I have been trying to describe, and his knowledge was more practical than theoretical.

Then at nineteen he enlisted in the great Civil War and served to the close of that fratricidal struggle with honor. Immediately after its close in 1865 he married Mary Binnion, the daughter of John and Minerva Binnion, both from Alabama and also old settlers of Uvalde County.

Mrs. Davenport was one of the most loved women that it has been my good fortune to meet. Her sunny disposition, her kindly, generous heart, and her noble Christian character brought Heaven and earth closer together wherever she was, and she left the imprint of her beautiful life as a benediction and heritage to those who knew and loved her. She preceded her husband to the grave about twelve years.

Before Mr. Davenport went into the Civil War he had accumulated a nice start in cattle and horses, only to come home and find that the Indians had stolen and driven off all of them while he was absent, fighting for his country. So he had to begin life all over again, and with his devoted wife in a little one room cedar picket house they began together the battle of life under conditions and vicissitudes that in perspective look anything but roseate and promising. However, they again accumulated considerable property before being called to the other shore. Five children were born to this union, all of whom survive their parents. Mr. Davenport had a brother, John, killed by the Indians near where the town of Sabinal now stands.

This was in 1859. The Indians had been on a raid and had killed John Bowles the same day several miles below near the Pilot Knob and were on their way North when they overtook, killed, scalped and stripped John Davenport except for one sock.

This seemed a peculiar characteristic of the Indians that they never entirely stripped their victims. Old Indian fighters have told me that they never knew of a case where one was killed by Indians that some article of clothing was not left on their victims.

This was a large band of Indians who besides killing these two men, stole a lot of horses, and committed other depredations. However, the settlers immediately got together and took the trail and overtook the Indians and a fight ensued. The whites were greatly outnumbered and the fight was a draw between the forces. However, in this fight, Mr. Davenport's pistol that he carried when he was killed was recovered and later on in another fight the scalp was also recovered. As others have written about this raid and the fight that followed I will not dwell longer upon this sanguinary episode of our early history.

When Mr. Davenport was a man, in

company with his father, they were looking for horses and other stock and seeing some deer, sharpened their appetites for venison. So Mr. Davenport dismounted from his horse, passed the reins to his father and started to slip near the deer. After he had crawled some distance he stopped to see if the deer were still where he had last seen them and just as he started to raise up a little so he could see, he was caught from behind. Thinking it was an Indian he sprang to his feet without waiting for an introduction, and cleared the deck for action, but instead of it being an Indian it was a large panther in quest of trouble. While Mr. Davenport had been stalking the deer the panther had been stalking him.

Only by his quick action, accelerated no doubt by his desire to raise the supposed Indian's scalp, and if possible save his own—did he avoid serious consequences. He killed this panther, but his difficulties had only begun, for no sooner had he killed the first panther than another appeared on the scene with its bristles turned upward and when Mr. Davenport shot the first panther her mate immediately jumped from a tree overhead and being very angry began his advance on the enemy who had just taken the life of his fair companion; but the enemy gave ground, kept his face to his antagonist and worked to reload his gun. The panther would advance quickly and stop to spring at his enemy and the enemy would give him more room and all the time was loading his gun. Finally he managed to get in a charge of powder and then to ram down the ball without waiting for the patch, a small bit of rag that was used for wad, then was able to put on the cap. This lasted for some little time, which Mr. Davenport said seemed like a year and a half to him, and the panther had followed quite a little distance and was getting more and more impatient to have a tryout with his foe, but Mr. Davenport was now ready to meet his enemy half way and give him the best that he had. So when the panther made his next crouch for a spring he took quick aim and let fly but only crippled the panther. The panther now gave up the contest and beat a hasty retreat and was seen no more. Mr. Davenport had now lost his appetite for venison and returned to his father and his horse.

In 1861 or '62, as was their custom in those days, a considerable band of In-

dians came in on a murdering and raiding expedition and we hear of them first at Pleasanton. A man was out some distance from the little town and ran into the Indians, and thinking discretion the better part of valor turned his horse toward the town, gave him full rein and both spurs without loss of time, and in the hope of getting help from his friends as he ran, he hollered Indians! Indians! One Indian riding a fast pony got ahead of the others and chased the man, hollering, "Merican man, Merican man!" in a voice indicating a healthy set of lungs and was gaining on the white man at every jump of his pony and just as the citizen got in the edge of town the Indian shot him from his horse with an arrow. However he was not mortally wounded, and recovered from his scare and also from the shot.

The Indians came in on the Hondo near what is known as the MeLemore settlement and along the Hondo stole about 160 horses and passed out between the river and where the town of Hondo now stands near the home of Mr. George S. Johnson, Sr., the father of Messrs. S. Sam Johnson and Mrs. Alice Matthews whom we all know and respect, and passed on up the country.

A band of settlers, composed of Jack Davenport, Bill Davenport, Hilburn, Ross Kenedy, John Kenedy and others followed the Indians up Seco valley between John Reinhart's and Jack Miller's and on up Seco canyon above what is now the Haby ranch and stopped for dinner. After they had broken their fast and rested their horses (these men never got tired themselves) they looked up on the mountain and saw a pony standing under a bluff, and supposed he had been abandoned by the Indians, and Jack Davenport, Bill Davenport and John Kenedy each tried to outrun the other to claim the horse, and when they got up near the horse the Indians opened fire on them at close range, wounding Bill Davenport with a shot through the thigh.

Mr. Davenport (Jack) told me that while their speed going after the poney was creditably good, yet he never knew how fast he nor the others really could run until after those Indians began their barrage on that mountain. Mr. Davenport and Hilburn took refuge behind a cedar tree for a moment and while they were there an arrow struck and split a

small cedar limb and passed nearly half way through it then quivered just few inches in front of his face. Had it not been for that cedar limb he would most certainly have been killed.

The Indians had seen their enemies and had cleverly set a trap to ambush them and the settlers thoughtlessly fell into it. In this fight the Indians did all the fighting while the settlers furnished the casualties, and as these noble cut-throats greatly outnumbered the whites and had every advantage in the way of position the whites brought their wounded comrade back home and began gathering other settlers to renew the efforts to punish the red devils.

While the settlers were getting ready to renew the attack, Bigfoot Wallace, who were following the Indians' trail from below Pleasanton, joined his force with that of the settlers and together went up through Sabinal canyon above Utopia and laid over one day at the Wish-Kelly place on the east prong of the Sabinal river on account of the cold rain and sleet and because their horses were very tender-footed and tired. The next morning they again resumed their march after the Indians, following the trail out on the divide somewhere near the Painted Water Hole, then, hoping by a near cut to gain a lot on the Indians, they turned east and expecting to find their trail, they saw the Indians, but the Indians did not see them.

The settlers knew just where the Indians would cross a certain place and it was now their time to lay an ambush. So accordingly they made a circuit, hid their horses several hundred yards away and took position in a thick cedar brake and waited the approach of the Indians. Everything was now in readiness to get their revenge on this band whose strategy and cunning had so signally and successfully discomfited them and wounded one of their companions; the Indians were coming up beautifully, entirely ignorant of the presence of their white foes. Just out from where the settlers were hiding in the cedar brake was a small glade that the Indians were approaching and would have crossed where they would have been completely exposed to the accurate and murderous fire of the settlers, who were waiting with breathless anxiety the order from their commander, Bigfoot Wallace, to begin the splendid reception that was prepared for unbidden visitors who were now

peaceably returning to their homes and their families, when just before they got in range of the citizen's guns—they had no 30-30's in those days—Bang went one of the citizen's (Hilborn) gun and before the sound of that gun had settled and died away there was not an Indian in sight, without the settlers ever getting a shot at them and their disappointment can be better imagined than described. They were a long way from their horses, that were already tired and worn out; they were short of rations, and a long way from their homes, while the Indians were well mounted on horses that were not worn out by hard and constant riding.

Hilburn, who let his gun go off, said it was accidental, it being one with a set trigger which, when set, only required a mere touch to fire the gun. So there was nothing else to do but to accept the situation with as good grace as possible, gather up the stolen horses that the Indians had left when stampeded by the sound of that gun and to return to their homes.

The following incident told me by Mr. Davenport reminds me of the letter of recommendation given by General O. O. Howard to the young Indian buck. Now this Indian prized that letter above everything else on earth and showed it with great pride and satisfaction to everyone he met, with the statement, "me heap good Injun, see letter big captain give me," which ran thus: "The name of this noble Redman is hunkyoory. He is of poor, but pious parentage; what he wouldn't steal a hound pup wouldn't pull out of a tanyard; redhot stoves are not supposed to be safe in his presence, give him some cold grub or a three-cent drink and send him on his way."

Mr. Davenport told me about at one time having a very vicious, unmanageable horse that could not be gentled and that nobody could do anything with, and one night when he was staked out a short distance from the house an Indian stole him, put a half-hitch on his nose and rode him off bareback. Mr. Davenport said he was sure that the horse would throw the Indian and get away but he made a bad guess, as neither the horse nor the Indian was ever again heard from.

Mrs. Davenport had a brother captured by Indians and burned at the stake. His hands were tied with the

rawhide hobbles that were around his horse's neck when he was captured. This was in San Saba county before Mr. Binnion moved to Uvalde county. Mr. J. M. Finley, who is one of the very few old settlers left on this side of Eternity, sums up his estimation of his lifetime friend thus: "Jack Davenport and I came to Texas together; were boys together, went to school together, worked together, went to see the girls together, were in the Civil War together, came out together, were in business for many years together, were good friends all our lives and never had a disagreement nor

a hard word with each other."

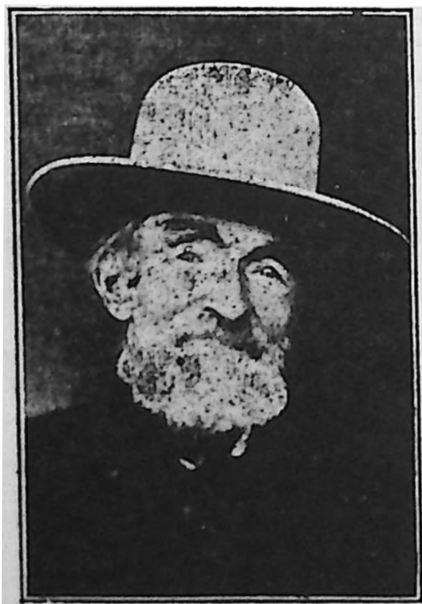
With this estimate of the character of Jack Davenport by one who knew him all his life, and who was my tried and trusted friend through five and forty years I conclude my feeble effort to tell the good people of Uvalde county something about the ups and downs of an active participant in all the trials, privations, dangers and hardships whose days reach across since the arrival of the earliest settlers in Uvalde county down to the present time with its comforts and conveniences.

May he rest in peace.

A Bandera County Pioneer.

From Pioneer History of Bandera County, 1922.

George Hay was born at Erskine, Renfrewshire, Scotland, March 17, 1836. With his parents, he sailed for America from Liverpool, England, Sept. 10, 1841. They came across in a sailing vessel, the Tierien, and landed at New Orleans October 19, 1841, from whence they went



George Hay

up the Mississippi to St. Luis, where they tarried but a short time, then proceeded to Nauvoo, the Mormon city in Illinois. They remained at Nauvoo until 1845, when the family went back to St. Louis, where the elder Hay died, and in the fall following the widow with her

children moved to Keokuk, Iowa, later moving to Clark county in that state. In September, 1848, hearing of the wonderful opportunities in Texas, and seeking a land free from the antagonism at that time directed against the Mormons, the family with others started to Texas in wagons drawn by mules. A long trip was ahead of them and the way was beset with all sorts of dangers and perils, but fearlessly the little band took up the journey. George Hay was then a small boy, 12 years of age. When the party reached Kansas City, then a very small town, they were joined by a small family named Johnsor and a man named Spencer Smith of Council Bluffs, Iowa. Their destination was Zodiac, a Mormon settlement on the Perdenales river, three miles below Fredricksburg, which they reached safely after nearly three months on the road. Here the Hay family remained until 1850. A Mormon settlement had been made near Fort Groggan in Burnet county, where a mill was erected, and the place was afterwards called Mormon Mills. Mrs. Hay and her children moved there, where they tarried until the spring of 1853, when they moved over to the Packsaddle Mountain vicinity to graze their cattle. In company with a large party of Mormons headed by Elder Lyman Wight they decided to transfer their location to Bandera county, reaching here March 1, 1854. Elder Wight's company numbered about 250 souls and when they arrived in Bandera county they found only a few people here, the Hadrians, Milsteads,

T. L. Odem, P. D. Saner, Mrs. Rees and sons, Charles de Montel, and others. In speaking of his arrival in Bandera, and subsequent events, Judge Hay said:

"This was a beautiful country then, a wilderness it is true, but inviting and offering our people wonderful possibilities. Charles de Montel had a horse power saw mill with a circular saw, and the men of the community were nearly all employed in getting out cypress timber and working at the mill. August Pingenot supplied the camp, for Bandera was but a camp then, with game. Here I met Amasa Clark, who was in the employ of Milstead. This was in 1854, and the friendship that was formed then has endured to this good day, and grows with the passing years. Here I also met De-Witt Burney, an uncle to our present district judge. August Klappenbach afterwards built the first house in Bandera where he kept a store and post-office. This house is still standing and forms one end of my residence. It was built in 1855, and was constructed of cypress lumber sawed at the mill here, the carpenter work being done by John Dugos, the father of Kasper and Christian Dugos, worthy citizens of our town. The elder Dugos had just arrived from Poland with the Polish colonists, and could not speak English, and had to receive his instructions as to dimensions and plan of the building in the sign language. If I remember rightly the Polish colonists arrived here February 3, 1855, and as they were destitute, they had a hard struggle for a number of years, but perseverance and the realization that they were living in free America helped to get them on a footing which they have since maintained.

"After remaining here until the fall of 1854, Elder Wight and his company moved down the river about twelve miles where they established a settlement, known for many years as the Mormon Camp, where they remained until 1858. Elder Lyman Wight died and was buried there. The site of his camp is now covered by the waters of the Medina Lake. With their leader dead, the Mormons then scattered, some going to the Indian Territory, and several families remained here; among those who chose to remain in this section were Andrew Huffman, Mrs. Janet Ballentyne, Abram Moncur, Joseph Goodale, Meachem Curtis, and others whose names I can't recall just now. Today about all

of them are gone except myself and my wife.

Bandera county was organized in 1856. O. B. Miles was first chief justice, William Curtis was sheriff, James P. P. Poole was the first county clerk. The first term of court was held in a building in the western part of town which was used as a school house. I was deputy clerk under Poole, but did not have very much to do. Afterwards I was elected county clerk and served for several terms. Finally I decided that I did not want the office and hustled like everything to elect my successor P. D. Saner. I also served several terms as assessor and collector.

"In the fall of 1869 I became associated with James Booker Davenport in the general merchandise business in the house now occupied as a dwelling by our Sheriff, Henry Stevens. Later Mr. Charles Schmidtke came into the firm and it became known as the Davenport, Schmidtke & Hay, dealers in general merchandise. Our business thrived, but later Mr. Davenport retired and Schmidtke & Hay conducted the business until 1874, when H. H. Carmichael bought an interest in the firm and we erected the stone building now used as a warehouse by the Bandera County Ranchmen & Farmers' Association. Mr. Schmidtke retired from the firm and Carmichael & Hay continued until 1903, when we met with reverses, and almost in a twinkling the crash came and we were swept off our feet. Mr. Carmichael died here in 1913. Later I moved to Hondo, where I lived for ten years and engaged in the confectionery business there.

"In 1861, when the Civil War came on, almost every man between the ages of 18 and 45 were enrolled in the Frontier Battalion for frontier protection. I was commissioned a lieutenant, but being an officer made no difference to me. I went into ranks, stood guard and performed all the duties of a private. I have never received a cent for my services and none of my comrades ever received a cent of pay. We had to furnish ourselves, too. Some ammunition was supplied, but it was of such poor quality as to be almost worthless. The Indians often made raids down into the settlement and below here, and we would take their trail, sometimes inflicting severe punishment on the red rascals. There are many thrilling incidents connected with the history of this country.

Many tragedies have taken place, many hardships were endured by the first settlers, many of the old timers have passed over the great divide to return no more, many of our sons have gone out and won high places in the world, many of our daughters have married and raised manly sons and lovely daughters who are today filling places of usefulness in different parts of the country. I am proud that I can look back upon the sixty-nine years that I have spent here and realize the wonderful changes that have taken place, all for the betterment of mankind and the glory of American manhood and womanhood that brought these things to pass."

Judge Hay is now 88 years old. He is quite active, his mind is very clear, and he recalls dates and events with the precision of a much younger man. He has ten children living, 41 grandchildren and 30 great grandchildren. His living children are Mrs. Amanda Elam, George A. Hay, Mrs. Georgiana Risinger, Frank T. Hay, Mrs. Mary Langford, of Bandera, Charles William Hay of Colingua, Calif; Joe M. Hay of Hondo, Mrs.

Ola Croisdale of Austin, John Hay of San Antonio, Mrs. Janet Currie of Los Angeles, Calif. Another daughter, Mrs. Ora Smith, died in California during the influenza epidemic and was brought home for burial.

Judge Hay is spending his declining years at the old family homestead in Bandera, where for many years he and his good wife kept open house to the traveling public, and entertained many distinguished visitors under their hospitable roof.

Mrs. Hay, before her marriage, was Miss Virginia Minear. She is a native Texan, having been born in Fannin county near Bonham, March 25th, 1844. She Bandera, where for many years he and came to Bandera when about eight years old with her widowed mother. Her father was foully murdered in Coryell county, where he had taken up a homestead claim. The burden of years rests lightly upon this good old mother and she gets about as lively as a middle-aged woman. She attends to all of her household duties, and has a pleasant, cheerful greeting for all visitors.

Fighting Days in Uvalde.

San Antonio Evening News

Dr. J. R. Bridges of Charlotte, N. C. for many years editor of the Presbyterian Standard, upon the occasion of his visit to San Antonio for the sixty-fourth general assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, recalled a previous trip to Texas.

The State was young, then, he said, and wild with the recklessness of youth. The gun-man ruled; the gambler reigned; saloons stood where churches now decorate the landscape, and many men died daily "with their boots on," he declared.

The circumstances attendant upon his first glimpses of Texas were related by Dr. Bridges.

"In 1881," he said, "the presbytery of West Texas overtured the assembly to send two evangelists to that territory to care for the rapidly growing population, and in response to this request F. P. Ramsay was sent to Laredo and I was sent to Uvalde.

Before reaching my field, however, I was informed that the presbytery had decided to send me to its eastern section to take the place of Rev. J. H. Zivley.

"When, in the fall of 1881, I reached

San Antonio and attended the called meeting of the presbytery I found the home mission committee at sea as to what to do. Zivley, after a few months' experience at Uvalde, had concluded that a frontier town would not do for his family.

"After the cowboys had 'shot up' the town one or two nights, Zivley also concluded that if he remained there he would probably die entirely with his boots on, a variety of death entirely unsuited to a minister. The circumstances were related in his plea for a change of locale.

"I was accordingly transferred to Uvalde to care for that territory running west to the Rio Grande and northeast into Bandera County, requiring 350 miles of horseback riding each month. As the railway from San Antonio to El Paso at that time was only completed to Sabinal Station, about 60 miles from San Antonio and 22 miles from Uvalde, I had to ride that distance in an old fashioned coach hung on leather straps. It gave a motion like a ship at sea.

"My first sight of Uvalde was not

cheerful," Bridges continued, "The town was filled with men who were engaged in road work. Apparently they were from the slums of New York, as wild and desperate a set of men as I have ever seen.

"The hotel where I had to stay was kept by a man who was a congenial spirit with his guests. The stores were frame, streets were stretches of dust in summer and mud in winter, and wherever one went he heard the most terrible oaths. Drunkenness was a common sin, and a too reckless use of the six-shooter seemed to be the most popular amusement especially at night when the cowboys would at times take possession of the town—in their vernacular 'paint it red.'

"The hotel was of two stories, half finished, so one could easily count the stars through the openings in the roof and hear the whiz of bullets when the game was at its height.

"On one occasion the correspondent of the San Antonio Express, known as 'Greely No. 2,' from his resemblance to Horace Greely, had to share my room, and as the welkin rang with the whiz of bullets he lay there in expectation of death, while I, being hardened to such amusements, slept quietly and soundly.

"The surrounding country was occupied by sheep and cattlemen, who often came into town filled with whisky, and sometimes fought with the authorities if the latter tried to control them. Then they sometimes fought with each other, so that we soon grew accustomed to murders, taking them as a part of a day's performance.

"After a while I was able to get a comfortable home on the edge of town with an old couple, who were kind and good, but afflicted with a set of boys that had almost broken their hearts. There was a feud between them and some Mexicans, with the result that three of the boys had been killed by Mexicans, and the other boys had killed several Mexicans. Once by reason of my resemblance to the oldest son, a wealthy sheep man, I was nearly shot by Mexicans lying in ambush, while I was coming back from a trip on horseback to the Rio Grande River.

"With Uvalde as my base, I began to work westward and northward, and in course of time we organized churches at Uvalde, Del Rio, 80 miles west, and at Bandera, 80 miles northeast, and I had a regular appointment at Montell in the Nueces Canyon. Besides these regular

preaching places, I preached at times in the Frio Canyon. These appointments were 80 miles from Uvalde, with the exception of one in the Nueces Canyon, which was about 40 miles.

"A tough mustang pony was my mode of traveling, and when I started out I was a facsimile edition of a Methodist circuit rider, being equipped with saddle bags, a canteen for water, a "slicker" for rain or "a norther," and a coil of rope for staking out the pony at night. Sometimes I shared the "bed and board" of a teamster which generally consisted of a greasy blanket for covering, a sack of corn for a pillow, and black coffee, fat meat and cold bread. At other times I would share the garret with the hired man, not to mention some of the original occupants of the bed.

"The preaching was often done under difficulties, sometimes in an adobe, but with dirt floor, grass roof and soap boxes for seats. At one point near the Mexican border my night services were held in a hotel dining room, across from a large tent in which there was always going on a game of faro, the dealer's cry combining very delightfully with that of the preacher, and where once a gang of roughs tried to stampede the congregation by firing a pistol inside the room, while drunken men were trying to climb through the windows.

"If space permitted I could tell of delightful companionship with Josephus Johnson, whose memory is still fragrant in West Texas, one of the truest and sweetest spirits I have ever known. We hunted and fished together and enjoyed the open air of the Nueces Canyon with its clear streams, its pure air and its excellent people.

"I have mainly presented the rough side of that life. Remember that there was a soft side, too. There were Christian homes with Christian training. Refined men and women illustrated the power of the gospel and dispensed a hospitality that I have rarely seen surpassed.

"Over the space of 40-odd years I look back, and I see the forms and faces of dear friends passing before me. I forget the long rides through heat and cold, now facing the rain or else the fierce "norther". I only remember the dear friends and their kindness to the young preacher. I even recall the professional gamblers who were always courteous to the "Sky Pilot," and were ever willing to aid any charity."

First Barbed Wire Fence in Coleman County.

Harry Hubert, in Dallas Semi Weekly Farm News.

The first strand of barbed wire ever strung in Coleman County was run by Clark Mann around a section of land on Jim Ned Creek, which is now a part of the Morris lower ranch. That was in the year 1880, according to the memory of J. C. Jones, who was first here in 1876.

The first cost of wire was about 20c a pound at the railroad, which at that time was Fort Worth or Round Rock. The effectiveness of barbed wire in holding live stock was problematical and stockmen were slow in taking hold of the innovation. Mr. Mann used elm poles to reinforce the fence; in fact, the barbed wire was auxiliary to the pole fence, being placed a single strand above the elm poles. Some of the square iron spikes that were used in holding the elm poles in place may still be seen embedded in some of the old mesquite trees on the Morris ranch.

A man, who was employed here during the early 80's to keep in repair the Government military telegraph line that connected Coleman and Camp Colorado with Fort Griffin and civilization to the east, was considerably nonplused when he first encountered the Clark Mann wire fence. He had gone out from Camp Colorado on an inspection trip over the telegraph line and returning toward Coleman as the crow flies he came across the fence blocking his path. Giving the situation only a moment's thought, he cut his way in and left a window on the opposite side where he went out.

The first real barbed wire pasture fence of any consequence erected in Coleman County was built by the late Col. W. H. Day about the year 1881. He fenced what was then and ever afterward known as the Red Wire pasture, being so known because the wire used in fencing was painted red. From 5,000 to 7,000 acres were inclosed in the Red Wire pasture, except when it was opened up by wire cutters.

In a short time other cowmen, noting the practicability of the barbed wire fence, began buying and fencing their ranges. Among them were H. R. Starkweather, Col. R. H. Overall, G. W. Mahoney, J. L. Vaughn, L. L. Shield and scores of others. And it was then that the wire cutters seeing the free open

ranges disappearing, took a hand in the acting.

It was about this time that H. R. Starkweather, like many other cowmen of the time, needed financial assistance in putting his ranch business on a safe footing. Mr. Starkweather had gone North to interest capital in his Coleman County ranch venture. He was in Chicago and had about concluded a satisfactory deal incorporating his ranch holdings, when something happened. While he was waiting to get the final details of the deal closed up, daily papers appeared on the streets of Chicago carrying headlines something like this: "Hell Broke Loose in Texas." "Wire Cutters Cut 500 miles of Barbed Wire in Coleman County." Mr. Starkweather's trade blew up then and there and he took the next train for Texas.

Col. Day had a man hired to look out for the cutters. One day the wire cutters took charge of him by use of threats or force, made him take a hand and cut for an entire day.

The cowmen were hard put in holding their fences intact and it was many years before the country became pacified to the passing of the free open range. One day during the troublesome days, J. L. Vaughn, who was greatly harassed by the depredations of the wire cutters, was heard to remark at the rock store in town of Trickham that "he wished the man who invented barbed wire had it all wound around him in a ball and the ball rolled into h—l."

Those who expect to have their copies of Frontier Times bound when the volume is complete are requested to notify this office within the next month or two, in order that we may prepare enough covers to bind the volumes sent in. A charge of one dollar will be made for binding and postage charges in returning to the customer.

One of our readers is anxious to secure a copy of Rev. Z. N. Morrell's book, "Fruits and Flowers from the Wilderness." If you have this book and wish to dispose of it, please advise Frontier Times.

The Battle of Dove Creek.

John Warren Hunter, in Hunter's Magazine, 1911.

In 1864, Captain Gillentine of Erath county, while scouting with his company of rangers on the upper Brazos, discovered a large Indian trail leading in a Southwesterly direction. He followed this trail until he found a large body of Indians were making their way in the direction indicated, and that evidently, they were bent on mischief. He also realized that they were too strong for his small force, and he immediately sent couriers throughout the settlements in the counties of Erath, Johnson, Bosque, Hamilton Brown and Coleman, to give the alarm. He also instructed his couriers to ask the men in these different counties to meet him at Camp Selman, now in Stephens county.

Captain Gillentine also dispatched a messenger to Captain Buck Barry, who was, at the time on the northern frontier toward Red River with a portion of his company of rangers. Barry at once sent a squad of his men to follow the trail and watch the Indians until Gillentine could rally forces sufficient to attack. Gillentine was an old frontiersman and to his experienced eye the fact was clearly evident that this was the largest body of Indians that had passed down the border in many years. From all indications they numbered all the way from eight hundred to two thousand, and were driving a herd of, at the lowest estimate, fifteen hundred head of horses. This latter fact puzzled Gillentine and his men more than any other feature of the invasion. It was not an uncommon occurrence for the Indians to drive off large numbers of horses when they retired to their villages north of Red River, and elsewhere, but here was a large band passing down towards the lower settlements with an immense herd. What could be their object? was a question these rangers were unable to answer just then, but their duty was to find a solution of the problem and there was no time to lose.

On the 21st of December, Captain Gillentine left Comanche with forty men, under the command of Captain James Cunningham, with Lieutenants J. A. Wright and Jesse Green. A few days later, they reached Camp Selman where troops from other counties rallied until the force numbered about four hundred effective men. At Fort Chadbourne

they were joined by other troops among which was the Brown contingent under Captain Moseley. One of the surviving members says that Capt. Moseley with 35 men, joined the expedition at Chadbourne while another authority, equally as reliable, states that only fourteen men under Lieutenant Morton reported at Fort Chadbourne for duty. These were B. W. Lee, Sr; G. H. Adams, A. E. Adams, John P. Brown, Isaac Branshaw, R. M. Hanna, Sam Hanna, James G. Connell, T. D. Harris, P. R. Clark, W. Candler, Henry Jones, E. D. Carmack, J. Ballinger and W. Chandler.

Captain Totten being the senior captain and commanding at the time, one hundred and twenty-five Confederate troops, stationed at Fort Chadbourne, took command of the expedition. Lish Childress, a Brown County man who was well acquainted with the country, was chosen as guide. The command moved forward, five hundred strong, and at the mouth of Yellow Wolf Canyon on the Colorado they came upon the Indian trail. At this place the Indians had camped, and every indication pointed to the fact that they had remained here several days in camp, and were evidently in no haste while passing through the country. A newly made grave was discovered at this abandoned camp, and on being opened was found to contain the body of a little Indian child, clad in a neat dress of bright calico. One of the survivors of this expedition, Mr. P. R. Clark of San Angelo, informed the writer that the shroud of this little child attracted considerable attention on the part of these buckskin clad frontiersmen, owing to the fact that calico cloth was a rare commodity on the border during the war. Around the camp these rangers found coffee grounds, which had been cast aside from Indian coffee pots, and this taken in connection with the calico dress found about the body of the dead babe, led to the inference that the Indians who had made this trail could not be Comanches or other plains tribes; that they must be some one of the semi-civilized tribes of the Indian territory, and had evidently procured their coffee and clothing from some point within the federal lines. If so where could they be going, and were they yankee emissaries, sent

down into Texas to wage war upon the almost defenseless southwestern frontier?

The trail was plain and easily followed. The great number of dragpoles and the vast herd of horses, confined in their course to a narrow width, rendered their line of march as plain as the well beaten track of a public highway, and to the experienced eye of the ranger, showed that this band of Indians had taken no precautionary measures to conceal their presence, and that they enjoyed a sense of absolute security while pursuing their journey. The trail was followed to the North Concho where the command went into camp and sent scouting parties in advance to locate the Indians, as the rangers had every reason to believe that they could not be far away. Captain Fossett was in command of these scouts and on the evening of the 7th of January discovered the Indian encampment on Dove Creek, a small stream that flows into the South Concho river, eighteen miles southwest of where San Angelo now stands.

Captain Fossett sent a courier at once to Captain Totten, which reached him about dark and orders were given to mount and be off at once, leaving the packmules behind under a small guard. The men rode all night, facing the coldest southwind they had ever experienced and a short while before dawn they came up with Fossett's men and under concealment, took position in a clump of timber, within a mile and a half of the Indian encampment.

At sunrise January 8, a war council was held by the officers and a plan of attack was agreed upon. The Indian encampment was on the creek and was about three-fourths of a mile in extent. It was agreed that Captain Fossett was to attack on the west or upper encampment while Captain Totten was to lead his division against the lower or eastern extreme of the position occupied by the unsuspecting Indians.

And right here it might not be digressing to say, that most of the men were in absolute ignorance as to the identity of the tribe of Indians, they were ready to fall upon in mortal combat; they knew nothing as to their arms or of their numbers. But to the Frontiersman of those days, these matters had little weight. An Indian was an Indian, and there are no good Indians—except the dead ones. To him they all looked alike and the bare sight of a moccasin

track only served to call to mind the trail of blood left in his own yard or that of a neighbor.

When the sun rose, the Indian herd of horses was discovered to the right and above the Indian encampment in the open country. On making this discovery it was decided to make an effort to get between the encampment and the herd and by this means cut the Indians off from their horses. The Brown county company under Lieut. Morton was ordered with Fossett to perform this task.

Notwithstanding the impatience of the men and their eagerness to enter a struggle with an enemy whose strength and numbers far exceeded their own, the utmost discipline prevailed. As they well knew, it had been planned to attack just at dawn, but Totten's hesitancy, indecision, and the repeated changes of the plan of assault, and the rearranging of minor details, delayed active operations until sunrise, by which time the Indians were astir and the smoke from their camp fires arose along the entire length of their encampment.

At last the order was given to advance and as they approached the encampment an Indian came out of the brush, waving a white flag. He was shot down. A few moments later, a woman with a babe in her arms and frantically waving a white cloth, appeared near where the first truce bearer had fallen. She and her babe were shot down! Totten had given orders to spare neither age nor sex.

Fossett succeeded in cutting off and capturing the herd of over 1000 horses and detailed a squad to hold this herd in the valley. An Indian and three boys were herding these horses. The Indian held up his hands in token of surrender and said in good English:

"We are peaceable Indians and do not want to hurt anybody." Some one replied by saying: "We don't know about that; they may be good Indians but bad Indians come down here and murder our people and steal our stock." "Very true," said the captive, "the Comanches are the bad Indians; only a few days ago they murdered one of our people."

P. R. Clark, now living in San Angelo and who was present when this Indian and the three boys were taken and who heard the above conversation, says:

"While this conversation was being held, the smallest of the three boys began to move off in the direction of the encampment which at that moment was

the scene of a desperate conflict. He was a wee tot of a boy, a mere child, and was mounted on a small Indian pony. No notice of his action was taken until he had gone about 50 yards when one of our men swore he would kill him. I begged for the boy and asked the man for heaven's sake not to kill an innocent child. The inhuman monster overtook the boy and placing his pistol against the child's back, fired a bullet through the little victim's body. The little fellow doubled forward, clinging to the mane of his pony, moaning most piteously, while his life blood poured out in a crimson stream over the pony's withers and down his forelegs to the prairie grass beneath. In a very few minutes the little brown hands relaxed their hold, and the lifeless body of the Indian boy rolled to the ground."

During all this time the battle was raging with intense fury. Captain Fossett, Gillentine and Cunningham led their companies into the upper part of the encampment which proved to be a veritable death trap. The Indians rallied to their chief and fought with savage desperation. Three separate charges were made on this position and each repulse only served to embolden the Indians, who in turn, made a furious charge upon the now weakened and thoroughly demoralized Texans. It is related by a survivor, that during the last charge, the infuriated savages seized and dragged several of Fossett's men from their saddles and slew them with demoniac fury. At this juncture of affairs, Totten and two of his men appeared at the horse herd, "Bud" Clark and Ennis Adams were of the detail holding the horses and the three Indian captives—the man and the two boys. These had moved the horse herd east and across the creek in the direction from whence the charge on the encampment was first made. When Totten came up, he was accompanied by the brute who shot the little Indian boy, and seeing the Indian and the two boys still held as prisoners, he ordered them shot, and stormed at Clark and Adams for having disobeyed orders, after which he dashed away to another part of the field of battle. As Totten turned away, the brave child-killer, raised his gun and taking deliberate aim, shot the Indian captive—in the back! When the Indian fell, the blood thirsty hyena coolly dismounted and took the Indian's felt hat

and left his own tattered hat beside the corpse of his victim.

The two boys were saved by the bravery and humanity of B. P. Lee. When the beast who shot the Indian, turned to murder the two little boys, Mr. Lee threw his six-shooter on the inhuman wretch, and told him if he made another move towards shooting prisoners it would be his last. When reminded of Totten's order, Lee told him he was ready to obey Totten or any other officer in all things reasonable, but so long as he was in that command he would not commit murder nor allow innocent captive children shot down, and that he would shoot Totten or any other man who made the attempt in his presence.

The little boys took in the situation and remained close to Mr. Lee until he pointed out to them a chance of escape to the Indian lines.

The third charge of Fossett's men proving disastrous, the Indians in turn charged, drove Fossett back and recaptured their horses.

In this battle the Texans left thirty-five dead on the field while the number who later died of wounds received in this action has never been ascertained. The Indian casualties accordingly to their own version, were eighty killed and many wounded. Among the thirty-five Texans left dead on the field were five captains, the brave Gillentine being of the number.

Eight days after the battle, a detail was sent to the scene of the late disaster to collect and bury the remains of those fallen heroes.

All indications pointed to the fact that immediately after the battle, the Indians had left in the utmost haste, abandoning large quantities of their camp and traveling equipage. Only two or three of the dead had been mutilated, none were scalped. Among the dead was found the body of Joe Byers, a character well and favorably known to the people along the border. He had been a soldier in the regular army and had been stationed at Fort McKavett, Fort Chadbourne, and other frontier posts. When the posts were abandoned by the government at the outbreak of the war, Byers and a comrade named Johnson, remained in the country. At Fort Chadbourne they joined the Dove Creek expedition. Early in the battle Byers had fallen near the spot where the Indian woman with her babe and white flag fell.

The Indians had severed his head and fixed it on a pole. His headless trunk was found seated upright on the body of a fallen comrade, against a log.

Ravenous beasts had stripped most of the flesh from the dead, but their remains were carefully collected and buried in a shallow trench on the battle ground.

* * * *

Years after this battle of Dove Creek, the writer obtained the following version of the unfortunate affair, giving the Kickapoo side of the story. The writer is not in position to vouch for its entire veracity but gives it for what it may be worth.

"We had lived friendly with the white people many years. They said they were our friends and we believed them. The great war came on. We did not know why our white friends wanted to kill each other. They led some of our young men into war and some never came back because they were killed. They went in for twelve months, then they came home and said they did not want to fight with the white soldiers any more. Our old men held a council. They kept the fires burning three days. The white men had been fighting three years. Soldiers came and killed our cattle. They took all our corn. Sometimes they were white soldiers; sometimes Pin Indians. Our old men said it was not our war, and no man could say when peace would come back. They said as long as there was no peace, the war trail would lead through the Kickapoo's country. They told our people they must go to Mexico where they could live in peace. When the white men quit war and made peace, the Kickapoos could come back to their lands. Five of our chiefs went to see General Smith. He gave them papers. He told them they could take their people to Mexico. When the corn was ripe and all gathered, we started. It was a long journey but we had strong arms and hearts, and wanted to get away from the war. We crossed Red River and kept above the settlements all the way. Six white men came to us on the Brazos. They were friendly. They asked many questions. They saw all our horses. They did not claim any of our horses. We told them to look at all our horses. After that we saw few white men until the morning of the fight. We had a fight with the Comanches two days before on the Concho.

They shot one of our men in the eye with an arrow. He died that night.

"When the soldiers came up that morning, one of our chiefs wanted to talk. He went out of the thicket with a white cloth. They killed him. Then a young woman went out with a white cloth. They shot her down. They killed her baby also. Her name was Oo-lath-la-hi-na. She had gone to school at Fort Gibson. She could write, and read. She spoke good English. She said 'I will go and talk with the white captain. He thinks we are Comanches. The white men won't shoot a woman.' They killed her. Then we had to fight or stand still and be killed like rabbits. Our young men wanted to follow them when they ran off, and kill all. Our chief and old men said no. We must go quick. They will bring more soldiers and surround us. We buried our chief and Oo-lath-la-hina that night. We carried our wounded with us. Many died on the way. We traveled day and night till we crossed the Rio Grande. We were hungry all the way. We were sad and wanted revenge. We took no scalps in that fight. The battle ground is one day west of the Concho river."

Texas Colonists and Religion

The above is the title of a book just off the press. It covers a heretofore unoccupied field in the colonial period of Texas history. It tells how Stephen F. Austin and the Mexican Government undertook to make Roman Catholics out of the Anglo-Americans, most of whom were Protestants, and failed. This effort, which was about as difficult to do as to "solder a wooden handle to a pewter spoon" had no doubt much to do in creating the spirit and bringing about the conditions that made San Jacinto forever the "Yorktown" of the Texas Revolution.

Dr. Red having gone through the Bexar and Nacogdoches Archives and the Austin and Lamar papers, and "rummaged" around through much other accessible material has woven the facts into this interesting story. The author does not intend to arouse antagonism or provoke controversy. Price of book, postage free, paper cover, \$1.50; Cloth, \$2.00. Address all orders and inquiries to E. L. SHETTLES, Publisher, 3906 Speedway, Austin, Texas.

Captured an Indian Near Bandera.

It is said that Big Foot Wallace once captured an Indian boy and when he carried his captive to Castroville one of the citizens there begged Wallace to give the boy to him. Wallace, in his characteristic way replied: "This is my Injun. If you want an Injun go and catch one. Thar be plenty more whar this one cum from."

Joseph B. Hudspeth, an early settler of the Hondo Canyon, eighteen miles west of Bandera, heard a disturbance on his premises one night, followed by the furious barking of his dogs, and going out in the moonlight to learn the cause he discovered a blanket lying on the ground not far from his front door. Thinking some of his family had left the blanket out in the yard he stooped to pick it up, when to his surprise the blanket suddenly rose up and began to move off. There was an Indian under that blanket, and Mr. Hudspeth grabbed him in a gripping embrace and called his wife to bring his gun to him quick. Mrs. Hudspeth lost no time in fetching the gun and seeing

the struggle her husband was having, she placed the muzzle of the gun against the Indian's head and tried to pull the trigger but the gun failed to fire. Mr. Hudspeth finally overpowered the savage and took him into the house where it was found that the Indian was just a boy about 13 years old, but very active and strong. He was nearly naked having only a breech-clout and the blanket. Next day the Indian was taken to Bandera, and it was learned that he was a Tuscalero Indian that had been captured by the Comanches when he was six years old. He had been on a raid with the Comanches, and becoming separated from the band had become lost and at the time was trying to steal a horse from Mr. Hudspeth on which to make his way back to the tribe.

This young Tuscalero was turned over to Polly Rodriguez, a well known guide and trailer for the rangers. He remained with Rodriguez many years and was well known to all of Bandera county's early settlers.

The Killing of Grandfather Massey.

Written by W. Massey, Utopia, Texas..

In the May number of the Frontier Times I read an account of the killing of two Mexicans near Friotown. These Mexicans were working for my father, Edmond Massey, and a man named Temp Forest. The Mexicans were not killed as reported, but escaped, though one of them was wounded. This raid occurred sometime in August, 1873, and occurred while we were living on the Nueces. The Mexicans were preparing to go to Friotown, and father told them to bring back with them a cart and team, and also another man. To get the other team and cart they had to go to the Woodward & Oge ranch, and in coming on down, and when about a half a mile from father's place they were attacked by the Indians. One of the Mexicans was riding in the cart with the driver, and another was riding horseback. The man on horseback outran the Indians and reached the house, another ran into the brush and hid, while the third, the driver, though wounded in the hip, ran to the river and swam across and hid on the

other side. At the time this attack was made father and myself were out on the Nueces, about ten miles from Carrizo Springs, where father and Mr. Forest were building a pasture for Bill Daugherty. The Indians then attacked the ranch and killed my Grandfather Massey, but they did not scalp him. They did not molest anything in the house, only threw some things out in the yard. When Mr. Forest reached there a short time after he attack he went up on a knoll west of the house and saw the Indians leaving, going south. He counted forty-one red skins.

"The Trail Drivers of Texas," 2 volumes, Price \$5.00. Order from Geo. W. Saunders, Union Stock Yards, San Antonio, Texas.

We would like to receive reminiscent sketches from all of the Texas pioneers. Write your sketch in your own way, giving your experience on the frontier.

Reveals Some Interesting History.

Henry C. Fuller in Houston Chronicle

The writer some time ago received from Dr. J. E. Mayfield of San Antonio, a manuscript letter which Doctor Mayfield had received from Hon. Jesse J. Watkins of Douglass, Nacogdoches County, Texas, who died some years ago, and which throws interesting light on some matters of Texas history hitherto unpublished. The letter was written on note paper with a lead pencil 25 years ago and is still fairly legible.

Hon. Jesse J. Watkins, lived and died at Douglass, a village in the western part of Nacogdoches County. He was a typical pioneer. Years ago when the writer had occasion to call upon him at his home he found Mr. Watkins plowing an ox in a patch near his residence. He was a farmer and a legislator, being a member of the famous Eighteenth Legislature of Texas. His fellow members included many men who in later life wrote their name high in the annals of public service, among them Judge J. N. Browning, Stephen W. Blount, Jr; Judge N. A. Cravens, Judge W. L. Douglass, E. J. Garrison, Travis Henderson, John R. King, George C. Pendleton, A. J. Rosenthal, C. S. Wurzbach, and many others of prominence.

At the time of service of Watkins, the largest representative district in Texas was that represented by Judge Browning and which included 67 counties in the north-western part of the state.

Following is the information written by Watkins for Doctor Mayfield 25 years ago:

"Jesse J. Watkins was born on the 25th day of December, 1828, in Henderson County, Tenn. My father, Jesse Watkins, was born in Virginia, about the year 1780, and was of Scotch-Irish parentage. My father's grandfather was one of three brothers who came to America from Wales and settled in Virginia. The descendants of these three brothers are now scattered over the United States. The fine park at Nashville, Tenn., said to be one of the finest in the South, was donated to the state of Tennessee by one of the same Watkins family.

"My mother was a daughter of Archibald McCorkle, who was also a Scotchman, and she was born in South Carolina, in 1790. Her father moved to the section that came into the Union as the state of Tennessee, the move being made about

1800. The McCorkles are generally all of the same ancestry.

"In the fall of 1833 my father left McNairy County, Tenn., with his family, for Texas. He landed in what is now Lamar County, in December 1833, and settled 25 miles from Clarksville, in the vicinity of the present town of Blossom. The county or section at that time was known as Red River County. In 1834, my father named the place where he had settled, "Prairie Blossom," because of the immense number of flowers. When my father settled there it was 25 miles to the nearest settlement, which was Clarksville, and we had to haul all our corn from the Red River bottom for the first year. The only meal we had was made by burning a hole in top of a smooth-faced stump and pounding the corn with a pestle until it reached the form of meal. It took three or four days to burn the hole in the stump and then clean it for use. The hole was about 18 inches deep. The pestle was placed at the end of a long pole or sweep, with a weight on the opposite end.

"In 1834 my father made a trip to Arkansas and bought a small steel mill with two cranks or handles. One could fill the hopper of this mill with corn, and with two people at the handles, produce splendid meal, but it required quite a lot of hard work. I used to think when I was a boy that it was the best bread I had ever eaten. I served my apprenticeship with the mill, on down to 1843.

"In the fall of 1835 my father decided to move to Nacogdoches County which in those days extended over a vast area of territory, from Red River to the Trinity River, in fact, so he left Red River County in the fall of 1835, moving to Nacogdoches County and settling three miles north of the town of Nacogdoches, and improved the place known before the civil war as the 'Old Fowler Place,' now owned by Mrs. Liles. I had five brothers, all grown when we came to Texas, and they were in all the Indian and Mexican wars, in Eastern Texas, being in all the engagements which General Thomas J. Rusk had with the Indians and Mexicans. In fact it was said they would not fight under any other officer. General Rusk was at that time the idol of all Eastern Texas.

"I had one single sister who, in 1837 married Robert W. Smith, who commanded a company in the battle of San Jacinto,

and also commanded a company in the Cherokee war. Smith was the captain who killed the Cherokee chief, Bowles, and took the sword of Bowles as a trophy. This sword had been presented to Bowles by Gen. Sam Houston, who was a great favorite with the Cherokee Indians, and I will be pardoned for disgressing briefly, to give a short history of the sword in later years.

"When the town of Henderson in Rusk County was first built, and a Masonic lodge was established there my brother-in-law, General Robert Smith, presented the lodge with the sword which he had taken from the Cherokee chief, Bowles. In 1896 the chief of the Cherokee Indians, in Indian Territory, hearing of the incident visited Henderson and was a guest of a fellow Mason. The visiting chief was a man of education and expressed a strong desire to obtain the sword that had belonged to the former chief, Bowles. So the Masonic lodge at Henderson presented the chief with the sword and it was taken away.

"The first time I ever saw Sam Houston was in the summer of 1836. My father was an old time friend of Houston in Tennessee. The old frame house that stood so long on the corner, near where the Farmers Alliance Building stood, on West Main and North streets, in the town of Nacogdoches, was originally the property of Sam Houston. My father carried me to see Houston when Houston lived in a house on that property, some time in the summer of 1836. I can never forget the day. My father and Houston were as intimate as brothers, and it was 'General' and 'Jesse' with them in the course of their conversation. Houston was at that time unable to walk because of a wound he had received in the battle of San Jacinto. In 1836 and 1837 my father was justice of the peace at Nacogdoches. In 1838 the Indians from the border, as the West was called, were very troublesome, and Houston, knowing my father had been among the Indians a great deal, asked my father to get an interpreter and visit, if possible, all the north-western tribes and make treaties of peace. My father accepted the appointment and selected Louis Sanchez, a Mexican, who then lived where Linn Flat is located, as his interpreter. I heard, when I was a boy that Sanchez could speak 13 different languages. My father started on his mission with Sanchez and 28 Kickapoo Indians as guides, successfully made the trip and saw all

the principal head chiefs, making treaties with them, inducing them to return to Nacogdoches with him in order that one general treaty might be concluded.

"On the hill just above the old Fowler House, General Rusk, General McCloud and General Felix Huston met the Indians and had long parleys with them, entering into a preliminary treaty, which was to be made permanent at another meeting to be held on the headwaters of the Brazos River at a certain time of the moon, at which time the Indians in conference at Nacogdoches were to obtain the presence of all the wild tribes and make one general treaty. But a short time before my father was to start for the great pow-wow, a company of unauthorized white men went into the Indian country, came upon a large number of Indians, and massacred them. This so angered the Indians that they became bloodthirsty, went on the warpath and swore vengeance.

"Sanchez, the interpreter, begged my father not to make the trip as it meant certain death. But my father would not turn back, and somewhere on the headwaters of the Brazos, he, the interpreter and the 28 faithful Kickapoo guides were attacked and killed to a man, not a single one of the party being left to tell the tale."

"There are rough spots in the lives of all who have lived in the open, whether the life be that of soldier, sailor or plainsman, but I think the wild and wooly cow 'waddie' received about as rough knocks as anybody living on the sunset side of the Mississippi. During the storms the cattle and horses would stampede and to stay with them we had to ride as fast as a horse could run. Sometimes it would be so dark that a rider could not see his horse's head. Many were he hard falls the boys had to take when a horse went down while running after stampeded stock on dark and stormy nights. Many were the poor old 'leatherbreeches' who came dragging themselves into camp the morning after a bad night, either with broken bones, or carrying their saddles on their backs because their horses had broken a neck or leg. And I know personally of a few of the boys who had to be left by the side of the long trail to wait for the call of the great trumpeter Gabriel because of some of those terrible night runs."—Capt. James H. Cook.

The Killing of Dallas Stoudenmire.

James B. Gillett, in El Paso Times

In the spring of 1881, the old town of El Paso awoke out of her Rip Van Winkle sleep to find that four grand trunk railroad lines were rapidly building toward her and were certain to enter the town by the next spring.

Bankers, merchants, capitalists, real estate dealers, cattlemen, miners, railroad men, gamblers, saloon-keepers and sporting people of both sexes flocked to the town.

El Paso street, the only business thoroughfare at that time, was flooded with crowds. The city council was revived; George Cambell was elected city marshal and Bill Johnson, deputy. It was a big job for a marshal and one deputy to police the rapidly growing town. Campbell asked the city for a raise in salary. They refused to raise his pay Campbell resigned. Shortly thereafter the town was shot up one night, some 50 or 100 shots being fired. The mayor sent a request to Captain Baylor, whose rangers were then stationed at Ysleta, asking that rangers be sent to El Paso to help police the town until a proper man could be found for the city marshal.

Captain Baylor sent Corporal Jim Fitch and four rangers with orders to report to the mayor for duty in El Paso. They had only been there a short time when there appeared from New Mexico Dallas Stoudenmire and his brother-in-law, Dr. Cummings. The doctor opened the Globe restaurant, one of the best in the town at that time. Stoudenmire applied to the city council for the position of city marshal.

Stoudenmire was a man of compelling personality, a man that would attract attention anywhere; was six feet two inches tall, weight 185 pounds; was a pure blond with long light mustache, was always neatly dressed, and while he was a wheelwright by trade, yet he had the smallest feet and hands of any person I ever saw for his size. A short sketch of his life, published in 1881, said he was born in Abafoil, Mason county, Alabama; served with the Fifth-seventh cavalry and Thirty-third Alabama regiment, General Cleburne's division; surrendered with Gen. Joe Johnston at Greenboro, N. C.; was wounded four times during the war; came to Texas, settled at Columbus,

Colorado county; served as a Texas ranger in Captain Waller's company B.

With this record behind him, he was duly elected city marshal of El Paso. He was a stranger in a strange land. Stoudenmire had not been city marshal long when two young Mexicans about grown were found murdered some 10 or 12 miles above El Paso on the Rio Grande. A part of the rangers stationed in El Paso went with Mileton Gonzales, a deputy sheriff of El Paso county, to investigate the death of the two Mexicans. It was learned that the two Mexicans lived at or near Paso del Norte, and had followed some of their cattle that had strayed to the American side of the river, and while hunting for them in the thick tornilo brush, they were set upon and killed. Their bodies were brought to El Paso, and an inquest was being held in an adobe building on El Paso street, about where the Hotel Fisher now stands.

The inquest being held in such a public place attracted a crowd of onlookers. Besides the dead boy's parents and friends, the rangers, Marshal Stoudenmire, ex-Marshal Campbellton and Bill Johnson were present. Gus Krempkau, an ex-ranger of Captain Baylor's company, was selected as interpreter. The trial dragged along until the noon hour and the proceedings were adjourned for dinner. The rangers went at once to their quarters to prepare their meal, though there was still a crowd standing about the scene of the inquest.

Krempkau came out of the room and was accosted by John Hale, who had become offended at the way the interpreter had translated the evidence. After a few hot words, Hale quickly pulled his pistol and shot Krempkau through the head, killing him instantly. Marshal Stoudenmire ran up, shot at Hale, but missing him, killed a Mexican bystander. At the second shot from the marshal's

pistol John Hale fell dead. George Campbell had pulled his pistol and was backing off across the street saying, "This is not my fight," when Stoudenmire suddenly turned and shot him down. Four men were thus killed in almost as many seconds.

Stoudenmire was held blameless by the better class of citizens for the part he had played, but a certain sporting element,

mostly friends of Campbell, was indignant at Marshal Stoudenmire for killing Campbell, and declared the latter had been murdered.

At that time Jim Manning and his brother, Frank, were proprietors of a saloon and gambling house that was located about where the northeast corner of the Del Norte hotel now stands. These two brothers also owned and conducted the Coliseum Variety theater, the largest in the southwest. It was located on El Paso street, about where H. Mohr's hardware store now stands. George Campbell and John Hale were friends of Jim and Frank Manning. It was said at the time that Jim and Frank were especially bitter against the marshal for killing their friends.

At the time Stoudenmire was appointed city marshal, Bill Johnson had the keys to the city jail, and when Stoudenmire demanded the keys Johnson refused to give them up. Dallas seized the recalcitrant assistant, shook him up and took the keys from his pocket, thereby making his first enemy in El Paso. The enemies of Marshal Stoudenmire now sought to take his life, and they used as their instrument, Bill Johnson, a man almost simpleminded.

The plotters furnished Johnson with plenty of free whiskey, and when they had made him drunk they told him that Stoudenmire had no right to catch him in the collar and shake him as if he were a cur dog. Johnson finally agreed to kill the marshal. Armed with a double-barreled shotgun, the tool of the plotters took a position one night behind a pile of bricks in San Antonio street where it enters El Paso, and lay in wait for his intended victim.

Marshal Stoudenmire was then down at the Acme saloon and it was well known that he would soon make his way round up the street. Shortly afterward he was seen coming, and when he had approached within 25 feet of the brick pile, Bill Johnson rose to his feet and fired both barrels of his shotgun directly at Stoudenmire. Unsteady with drink, Johnson's fire went over the marshal's head, left him unharmed. The marshal pulled his pistol and with lightning rapidity filled Johnson's body full of holes. At the same moment men posted on the west side of El Paso street opened fire on Stoudenmire and slightly wounded him in one foot, but the marshal charged his attackers and single handed put them to flight.

Whether or not Stoudenmire always believed Jim and Frank Manning were the plotters who sought to take his life, and from that time on they were deadly enemies. Early in February, 1882, Stoudenmire went to east Texas to be married. The writer, Stoudenmire's chief deputy marshal, was left in charge of the town. Stoudenmire had not been gone more than two days when I was stricken down with a light case of veritoid, but as soon as Dr. Cummings heard I was sick in bed and not on the streets, he stuck two large 45 caliber pistols in the front pockets of his trousers, with handles sticking out in plain view, left his place of business, entered Bill Coffin's Old Boss saloon on the corner of Overland and El Paso streets, had several drinks of whisky, and then said he was going to the Coliseum and clean the d—n Mannings up. Evidently this word was carried to the Mannings, for when Dr. Cummings entered the Coliseum theater, he lasted about 10 seconds. He was shot down and killed. Jim Manning assumed the responsibility for the killing of Dr. Cummings, but it was generally understood that a bar-keeper of Mannings really did the shooting.

I met Dallas Stoudenmire at the train when he returned with his bride. I told him the circumstances of the killing of his brother-in-law. Stoudenmire was mad and made no effort to conceal his feelings. Said if the Mannings wanted a fight they could get it, and the relations between the two parties now became more strained than ever. It reached such a point that it seemed a pitched battle between Stoudenmire and the Mannings might break out any time, and endanger the lives of those on the one crowded street of the town. Finally the best citizens of El Paso could stand the strain no longer. They appointed a committee to wait on Stoudenmire and the Mannings, and implore them for the benefit of the town and their friends, to come together and patch up their differences and try and be friendly.

I here with produce the following agreement, published at that time:

"El Paso, Texas, April 16, 1882.

"We, the undersigned parties, having this day mutually settled all difficulties and unfriendly feelings existing between us, hereby agree that we will meet and pass each other on peaceable terms and that bygones shall be bygones, and that we will never allude in the future to

any past animosities that have existed between us.

"DALLAS SToudenMIRE

"J. MANNING

"G. F. MANNING

"FRANK MANNING

Notwithstanding this agreement, Stoudenmire and the Mannings were distrustful and watched each other like hawks. Stoudenmire continued drinking and became more overbearing than ever, even to some of his most ardent supporters, so much that he was soon asked to resign his position as city marshal. In a dramatic and fiery speech, Stoudenmire declared he had not been treated fairly by the city council and that he could straddle them all.

The writer was elected city marshal of El Paso. Stoudenmire at once secured the appointment as United States deputy marshal of the western district of Texas, with headquarters at El Paso. Soon after his appointment Stoudenmire went to Deming, N. M., on some official business. On his return he reached El Paso long after midnight, and entered Manning's saloon. What he did or said while there will never be known. I came on duty early the following morning, September 18, 1882, and almost the first man I saw was Dallas Stoudenmire walking right down the middle of El Paso street. I approached him and could plainly see that he had been on a spree. I told him I thought he ought to go home and get some sleep, and I would gladly accompany him. He flared up in an instant and said he did not need my company, nor anyone else's company, that if let alone he would go home, otherwise he would not. I saw that just one imprudent word spoken would bring on a difficulty. I did not wish to kill Stoudenmire even if I could, and at the same time I did not want to be killed by him. I just turned and walked away. As soon as Stoudenmire saw that I was not going to force him off the street he at once went home and to bed.

When Jim and Frank Manning came to their place of business the next morning, they were told that Stoudenmire had been in their saloon looking for them. They became as mad as hornets to think that Stoudenmire had broken his solemn agreement. Jim Manning armed himself and made a bee line for Neal Nuland's Acme saloon, saying he would hunt Stoudenmire and shoot it out with him, but Dallas was asleep at

his home. Neal Nuland, Cliff Brooks and Walt Jones were all interested in the Acme saloon; all had come from Colorado county and were good friends of Stoudenmire. Naturally Dallas spent a good deal of his time at the Acme saloon with his friends.

At about 3 p. m., Stoudenmire appeared at the Acme saloon and was upbraided by his friends for hunting the Mannings in their saloon. Dallas replied that he was not hunting the Mannings at all, but as that was the first open saloon he had found at such a late hour he had entered to get a drink, and that he would go and explain the matter to the Manning boys. Walt Jones, who had been a deputy marshal under Stoudenmire and a very brave and dependable man, went with Stoudenmire to the Mannings' saloon. As they entered, Jim Manning was standing at the bar, Dr. G. F. Manning was playing a game of billiards. Stoudenmire approached Jim Manning and said somenoe had been telling lies and asked for Frank Manning, saying he wished to explain matters to them. Jim Manning said, "I will go into the gambling room and get Frank." As Jim Manning passed out of the room, Dr. Manning threw down his billiard cue, walked straight up to Stoudenmire and said, "Dallas you have not stuck to your agreement." Stoudenmire said, "Whoever says I have not tells a d—n lie," and both reached for their pistols. Walt Jones jumped in between them and tried to prevent the fight, but there was no holding them back then. Dr. Manning was quicker on the draw. Using a double action 44-caliber pistol he fired straight into Stoudenmire's right breast, and had the ball not struck a large pocket book and some letters in his coat pocket, Dr. Manning would have killed Stoudenmire the first shot. The second shot from Dr. Manning's pistol slightly wounded Stoudenmire in the left arm and breast near the shoulder. By this time Stoudenmire had brought his pistol to bear on Dr. Manning, shooting him through the right arm just above the elbow. The jar of this shot knocked the pistol out of Dr. Manning's hand. The doctor then sprang at Stoudenmire like a tiger, clasped him around the body and held his (Stoudenmire's) arms down so close to his body that Dallas could not use his pistol. Stoudenmire, in trying to break loose, waltzed round and round the saloon and out on to the sidewalk.

The writer was standing in the door of Kerskie's book store, about where Hotel Fisher now stands, talking to Joe Deaver, one of Captain Baylor's rangers, not dreaming that Stoudenmire had appeared on the streets. Deaver and I hurried to the sound of pistols; we met dozens of men running away from the flying bullets; and I was knocked almost off my feet several times. When I had got within 25 or 30 feet of Dr. Manning and Stoudenmire, I saw Jim Manning as he came out of the gambling room. He held a 45-caliber pistol in his hand. As Dr. Manning was holding on to Stoudenmire, Jim Manning, for fear of killing his brother, had only his head to shoot at. The first shot Jim fired missed Stoudenmire and tore a barber pole all to splinters just beyond them. The second shot from Jim Manning's pistol hit Stoudenmire in the left temple, killing him instantly. Stoudenmire and Dr. Manning fell in a heap to the sidewalk. The doctor grabbed one of Stoudenmire's pistols and began beating him over the head. Jim Manning pulled his brother loose, just as Deaver and I got there.

I at once told the Mannings to consider themselves under arrest. Jim said, "All right, marshal, but please help me carry my brother inside to bed. I think he is killed." From the loss of blood and the excitement, Dr. Manning had fainted, and was apparently dead. He was bloody from head to foot. As Jim Manning, Joe Deaver and I were carrying the doctor along, Mileton Gonzales, deputy sheriff of El Paso county, rushed up and claimed the prisoners, saying that the crime was a state offense. I told them all right, he could have the prisoners. I then turned back, picked up Dallas Stoudenmire's two beautiful 45-caliber Colt's silver-plated pearl handled pistols that had been presented to him by Beneky and Pierce, the big hardware merchants of El Paso. I then had Stoudenmire's body removed from the street.

Jim Manning was indicted, tried and acquitted for the killing of Dallas Stoudenmire. Thus passed this celebrated gunman forever.

The good which men do is often interred with their bones, but the evil lives after them. This was derived from the old Roman system of philosophy. It would be more Christian-like, more in accord with the teachings of Christ, if we reversed the order and proclaim that the

evil which men do should be buried with them, and the good should live after. Judge not lest you be judged, and be merciful, for without mercy none can hope to enter the kingdom of heaven

Wants Information About Pensions.

Mrs. Rhoda Halley of Italy, Texas, writes *Frontier Times* as follows: "My father, Richard Porter, was a ranger. He was killed by the Indians while he was on the frontier. I wish to know if a ranger can draw a pension, and how much? Do you know of any one drawing a ranger pension? If you do, please send me his name so I can write to him. My address is Mrs. Rhoda Halley, Italy, Texas."

Rangers who served during certain years on the frontier are entitled to draw a pension, and there are among our readers a number of rangers who are getting their pension regularly. It is hoped that some of them will write to Mrs. Halley and tell her how to proceed in the matter of securing a pension for her father.

The August Number *Frontier Times*.

Among the articles that will appear in the August number of *Frontier Times* we have prepared and ready for the printer:

"Hanging of Eight Men on the Julian—a Bandera County Tragedy;" "The Experience of John Rufus Alexander, a Mier Prisoner;" "Waco Before War Times;" "The Captivity of Mrs. Wattenbach;" "The Headless Horseman;" "Across the Plains in Forty-Nine;" and other thrilling and intensely interesting narratives of frontier characters. The August number will come from the press about the 15th of July. We hope you will tell your friends about this little magazine and induce them to subscribe. We are depending solely on subscriptions to keep *Frontier Times* going—our advertising patronage has not yet been built up to the point where it yields very much revenue. The publisher of *Frontier Times* has a weekly newspaper business to make his living, and therefore almost all of the overhead expense incident to the publication of *Frontier Times* is eliminated. But we are striving to obtain a list of several thousand subscribers to this little magazine to enable us to improve it in many ways. Tell your friends about it, and convince them that it is well worth the subscription price of \$1.50 per year.

Riding the Ranges in the Seventies:

From Western Weekly

Riding the ranges and following the trails in the days when the Texas longhorns were driven "north of 36" was not the romantic pursuit patrons of the movies, viewing the antics of some smooth-faced and glibly bedizened lasso-twivler or rodeo hero, are apt to fancy. It was a serious occupation, attended with many hazards of life and limb, and calling for extraordinary powers of endurance and a courage that was frequently put to the test in meeting sudden dangers or unforeseen difficulties. The men who drove great herds over the long trails in the days before the railroads came rode daily in the face of ambushed perils—of lurking, predatory savages, of stampeding herds, of wind and weather, or long sleepless hours that tried their physical and mental endurance to the limits. Many have wondered at the sadness that pervades the old songs of the cowboys which have recently had a literary revival. But cowboyng was, in fact, a rather sad profession. It meant loneliness, great responsibilities, small rewards, unflinching hardihood, and a philosophy that was immersed in the mysteries of wilderness solitudes.

Up in Northwestern Nebraska, at Agate Springs, "on the banks of the beautiful Niobrara," that winds through the country of the old Northwest trails, lives Capt. James H. Cook, now in his sixty-seventh year, says the Kansas City Star. He is one of the last of the old-time plainsmen—cowboy, scout, Indian fighter, ranchero, big game hunter, and once the trusted friend of Red Cloud, the great chief of the Ogalalla Sioux, who organized the last stand of the redman against the white tidal waves that poured into the Dakotas in the 70's. To quote the tribute of his friend, the veteran soldier and writer, Brig. Gen. Chas. King, Cook is "one of the very best of a type of American pioneers now well nigh extinct, yet well remembered—the keen-eyed, coolheaded, fearless men who, for half a century or more, were the guides and comrades of the cavalry of the army of the United States in its tireless, almost ceaseless task of clearing the way for and guarding the lives and property of the thousands of explorers, emigrants and settlers who sought out and peopled al-

most every cultivable valley from the Missouri to the mountains and from the staked plains of Texas to the British line—the scouts of the plains, men famous in song and story, of whom Kit Carson and Jim Bridger, in the early days, and Buffalo Bill Cody and, later still, 'Capt. Jim' Cook, were the shining lights." In a recent book, published by the Yale University Press, "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier," Captain Cook has told the story of his adventurous life. The chapters devoted to his early cowboy days and his drives over the long trails give an unembellished picture of the life of the cowboy—a picture as fascinating in its interest as it is authentic of its depiction of the real life of the pioneer trail riders.

Captain Cook was but a stripling—a Michigan youth of 17, full of romantic ideas about the west—when he took to the saddle and the life of a cowboy down in the Comanche country and along the borders of the Staked Plains. In 1870 when "Buffalo Bill" Cody was the chief scout of the 5th United States cavalry in the Platte country, Cook, seven years his junior, was taking his first lessons in flinging the lasso. For five years he rode the southern plains and drove herds of the longhorns over the Chisholm trail and over the far western trails into the northwest country. These five years covered the most active period of the overland cattle trade from Texas north; also they witnessed the heyday of a few other western incidentals, such as wild Indians, buffalo, freighters, stage drivers, emigrants, whisky peddlers, and roaming desperadoes. One of the first things that Cook had to learn in the cowboy business was how to make—and to enjoy—a "Tucson Bed." It was only sleeping comfort, aside from a saddle, that a cowboy often had. It was very simple in construction. It was made, explains Captain Cook, "by lying on your stomach on the prairie and covering yourself with your back." But it was allowable "to put your saddle and blanket over your head, in case of a storm, when hailstones larger than hen's eggs came along."

The old cattleman had a very practical way of teaching the raw recruits the economic value of brands. Cook's

first cowboy job was with John Longworth, one of Ben Slaughter's caporals, or foreman. "I was to go with Longworth," he relates, "out to the Frio and Nueces rivers country to help catch wild cattle, just as soon as Longworth should go broke playing Spanish monte and drinking whiskey. Before many days Longworth went broke and was sick enough to want to get out of town. In about four days we reached the ranch home of Ben Slaughter, father of Charlie, Billy and John Slaughter, later the big cattle drovers on the Texas trail to Kansas. After a while a little old man walked down from the house to our camp. He wore a belt filled with Henry rifle cartridges and the handle of a big butcher knife was sticking out of one of his boot tops. He began to talk to Longworth, using both Spanish and English. I soon discovered this man was none other than Ben Slaughter himself, who was now my employer. One day Longworth drew a rifle from his saddle and started to look a bunch of cattle over for a fat one to kill. In the meantime Mr. Slaughter had mounted a horse and rode down to where we were herding cattle. He said to me, 'What's the matter, can't John find a fat one?' Just then I spied a fine fat heifer coming along the edge of the herd. I pulled my Spencer carbine and pointed it toward the animal and exclaimed, 'That's a good one.' Slaughter started his horse towards me, fairly yelling, 'Hold on, young man, don't you see that's a T-Diamond?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'What brand is that?' 'I reckon that's my brand,' was the answer. 'We don't kill that kind in this country. Kill any L O W or a W B G'—meaning anyone's brand but his own. 'They taste better.' " And so Cook learned about brands from him.

In those days great herds of wild cattle swarmed the prairies. They were descendants of the Spanish Longhorns that had followed Coronado's glittering cavalcade across the staked plains. It was part of a cowboy's job to help round up bunches of the cattle and mix them with the tamer herds. It was a thrilling experience for a tenderfoot. Corrals were built, with strongly constructed wings running out from the gates, often two hundred yards and more in length. A decoy herd was taken out to lure the wild cattle in the bunch and the roundup was a function that called for skill and daring of the highest order and one

that was full of picturesque aspects. Cook thus describes it:

"The following morning about sunrise we left the corral, taking with us the decoy herd, Longworth leading the way through the thick growth of chaparral and mesquite. After traveling a mile or more he led the herd into a dense clump of brush and motioned us to stop driving it. Then, telling two men to stay with the cattle, he rode off signaling the other men and myself to follow him. I fell into line behind all the other riders and we rode in single file for a couple of miles. Suddenly I heard a crash ahead and in less than two seconds every rider in advance of me was riding as if the devil was after him. My horse knew the work and plunged after the riders ahead. I gave him the reins, trailing the ones ahead by the crashing of limbs and dead brush—everywhere was brush, timber, cactus. I think I rode all over that pony, first on one side, then on the other. My pony was a cowcatcher by trade—he certainly made me pull leather and I clung to his mane in order to keep in close touch with him. I had a very strong desire for that chase to end. At last it did. I was at the finish.

"All at once I came in sight of one of my Mexican co-workers. His horse was sanding still. The man put up his hand for me to stop and I did so willingly. He pointed to the brush ahead and I caught sight of some strange cattle. A few minutes later I heard voices singing a peculiar melody without words. The sounds of these voices indicated that the singers were scattering in the form of a circle about the cattle. In a few minutes some of the cattle came towards me and I recognized a few of them as belonging to the decoy herd. In a few seconds more I saw that we had some of the wild ones too. They whirled back when they saw men, only to find a rider wherever they might turn. Every man now began to ride very carefully and slowly, riding in circles around and around them, all except myself singing the melody known as the 'Texas Lullaby.' For all I know I may have tackled that singing trick with wild cattle for the first time right there, for I was about as excited as the wild cattle were. After a few moments Longworth rode away into the chaparral, singing as he went. The Mexican cowboys closed in on the cattle, starting to drive them after him, pointing the herd in the direction

of his voice. I brought up the rear of the herd. We kept quite a distance from the cattle, each man trying to make no sudden move that might stampede the bunch. At last Longworth led the herd into the wings of the corral and the wild ones followed the decoys in." "In writing of these wild cattle," he adds, "I realize that it is a difficult thing to make even the present day cattlemen realize what the words 'wild cattle' meant in Southern Texas at the time of which I write. These cattle would not graze on open ground in daytime, but would seek the deepest thickets, lie down with their heads on the ground like deer, on the lookout for danger and ready for a mad rush through the jungles to a place of safety."

Riding the long trail from Texas to Abilene was a trip beset with hardships, with perils of storm, with dangers from Indians stealing in to stampede the herds and with physical sufferings and exposure that often ended by the trailside.

"The first year that I was on the trail," Captain Cook relates, "every river from the Red River to the Arkansas was 'big swimming,' as the boys termed it. We lost numbers of cattle and horses by drowning. We had some bad hail storms and winstorms. Sometimes we went for days at a stretch with scarcely a wink of sleep, because of the winds and rain, which made the cattle hard to control. In some places on

the trail the country would become so very boggy after a long rainy spell and we had to resort to all sorts of schemes to snatch a little sleep when an opportunity presented itself. When three riders could get away at a time they would go a little way from the cattle and dismount, each holding his horse by the bridle rein. Then they would lie down in the form of a triangle, each man using his neighbor's ankles for a pillow. In this manner the sleepers' heads would be kept out of the mud and water.

"Sometimes a rider would go to sleep while jogging along around the herd. There was a limit to the endurance of a cowboy. I have been so close to that limit that on one or two occasions I would get a little piece of chewing tobacco from one of the men and mixing it with saliva would rub my eyelids. This is great treatment when the thoughts seem to be all bent on having a nap. It could well be called a rouser. Yet the eyes, as well as ears had to be kept open, at any moment a rider was likely to be called upon to ride hard, should the herd be suddenly stampeded in his direction, or if the herd ran in another direction, he must hear the rumble and clatter of hoofs and make haste to locate it in time to be of assistance in rounding it up. What spirit fired and sustained those boys who drove the herds over the long trails is more than I can explain. But there were very few instances in which they proved quitters.

G. C. Herrington Became a Crack Shot.

Written by Hugh Galbreath, Kempner, Texas.

Kempner and its territory have many interesting personages, men who fought back the Redskins and helped to make the history of the Lone Star State, and among these noted characters and pioneers is Mr. G. C. Herrington, who makes his home with his daughter, Mrs. Beulah Cooke, in Kempner. Mr. Herrington's father came to Texas from Alabama in 1844, and stopped where East Waco now stands, and it was here that the subject of this sketch was born February 19, 1845. In earliest childhood Mr. Herrington learned to use the gun and pistol, and became an expert shot, being able to kill a squirrel as it jumped from tree to tree, with ease. After he became a grown man he had a number of shooting matches with noted characters, among

whom was Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill. He says he and Buffalo Bill were well matched in this respect, but that Wild Bill was the best shot of the three. Despite his advanced age, Mr. Herrington recently took his old pistol from its place of retirement, greased it and cleaned it, and at sixty feet, in quick succession, he put four balls in a spot no larger than a silver dollar.

Mr. Herrington grew up on the banks of the Brazos river, and became an expert swimmer. It is related that he saved a number of children from drowning in what is now the heart of Waco. Before he was fifteen years old he was employed by a Mr. Driver to raft logs down the river to the sawmill. At the time of his birth there was only one little store

where Waco now stands. It was owned by a man named Dick Dean. A few years later a cotton mill was built by Mr. Hood, his mother and nephew and a Mr. Arnold, and the walls of this mill stood until recently. He says the first court ever held in Waco was in the "Two Brothers" Saloon. Some of the people living there at that time were Mr. Henson, Tom and Henry Ford, George and Mace Patton.

When the Civil War broke out Mr. Herrington was sixteen years old, and rather than be forced into the conflict he and some more of his associates decided they would join the Rangers, which would enable them to be nearer home. His father at the time was in the army under General Gruter. The duties of the rangers at that time was to capture horse thieves and other bad men, as well as fight the Indians. Each company was composed of sixteen men, and in scouting two rangers would usually go together, it being the general belief that two rangers could shoot more accurately and rapidly than six horse thieves or a dozen Indians. Mr. Herrington says in making an arrest he would command the man to "hands up," and if he did not comply instantly, he had orders from his captain to shoot "quicker than lightning." He was in a great many pitched battles with the Indians, but the most desperate he says was on Cripple Creek, New Mexico. His company under command of Captain Woody Serd had been following a band of Indians for several days and nights. Overtaking them early one morning they discovered that there were 160 Indians in the party, and all were well armed with rifles. As Serd had only sixteen men, he sent to General Stevens, some distance away, for aid, and Stevens with sixteen more good men, making thirty-two in all, joined them. In telling of this fight, Mr. Herrington says:

"Captain Serd turned over to General Stevens and his company of 16 men mostly boys, but we could shoot as straight and as fast as the best of them. We felt we were fighting against great odds, for not only were the Indians well armed but they had shields made from buffalo hides. These shields were made of three thicknesses of hide, and in preparing they would drive a stake in the ground, stretch the hide over it and place rocks around the edges to hold it in shape until thoroughly dry, then take it up and

it would be in funnel shape, and almost as hard as steel. When fastened on their arms these shields would protect the head and shoulders of the wearer. The Indians prepared for our attack by going down into a deep canyon. We were ordered in there just at sundown, and it was so deep it was almost dark. As we advanced sixteen mounted Indians made a rush at us with loud warwhoops, but we were well acquainted with those yells and they did not frighten us. At the first fire we made "good Indians" out of those sixteen redskins, and left them on the ground. The other Indians took positions behind boulders and among the cliffs, and poured a hot fire into our midst. They were very careful not to show their heads for they dreaded the accurate aim of the Texas Rangers. One of our men being eager to get an Indian became too bold and was shot down. While he was dying he begged for water and his brother attempted to reach the creek, 200 yards away, but was killed as he was coming back with the water. These brothers were named Glass. After nightfall we decided the Indians had all the advantage, and we retreated.

"Another real skirmish we had with Indians occurred soon after this, in New Mexico. We were following an Indian trail and when we came upon them they were all asleep, thinking no doubt they were safe enough. When we discovered them in their camp we wrapped our bridle reins around the horn of the saddle, and with a pistol in each hand we dashed in among them, shooting and yelling, and the Indians scattered like quail. There were about twenty-five Indians in this party, and only six of us, but we got most of the Indians, some of them escaping without putting up a fight. In this battle I received my first wound. An Indian shot an arrow through my thigh and pinned my leg to the saddle. I took my Bowie knife and cut the arrow, releasing my leg. That was the last time that particular Indian used a bow and arrow.

"Early in the service we were trained to use our shooting irons, and our first lesson was to ride a horse around a tree from a gallop to a run, and at a distance of about thirty yards hit the tree each time before we stopped. Next we had to learn to hit the tree six times from under our horse's neck, then throw an object into the air and hit it from one to four or five times before it hit the ground."

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SHOULD HAVE A PENSION.

Who can help this old Ranger locate some of his old comrades who can lend assistance to him in securing a pension? Ranger Jesse Patrick Chasteen of Ashwood, Texas, writes Frontier Times as follows:

"Through the advice of my mutual friend, Judge William Holman of Bay City, Texas, I am writing you relative to finding some of the rangers who were stationed at old Fort Griffin. I was there with them from 1872 to 1874. At that time I could not read and write and do not know how I was signed in. In 1876 I was with General Custer in the Seventh Cavalry, and in a hand-to-hand fight I received a blow on the head which rendered my mind a blank for a long time. My friends have often advised me to apply for a pension but I have never done so, as I only remember a few of my Ranger friends. One of them in particular was Rube Jenkins, who lived three miles below Waco. He also had a brother. I have tried for many years to locate them but have failed. Any information you can give me will be appreciated."

If any of our readers can furnish this old Texas Ranger with the information he desires they will do him a lasting favor. Address him at Ashwood, Texas.

Old Settlers of Bandera County.

The old settlers of Bandera county, Texas, will hold a big reunion on July 4th and 5th. Bandera was settled in 1852, and it is a remarkable fact that the first settler, Amasa Clark, is still a resident of the county. A sketch of this grand old man appears in this number of Frontier Times. There are many other old settlers of the fifties still living in Bandera county, among them being some of the Polish colonists who located in the county in 1855. The reunion promises to be a great event. The program will be made up of old time sports and pleasures, an Indian battle, a pageant depicting the different periods of Bandera's history, a tournament, a shingle-making contest, a wedding, an old fiddlers' contest, a big barbecue, old time dancing, old time singing, and a general old time good time.

A Brown County Pioneer.

Mrs. John Nathan Coffey, one of the earliest settlers of Zephyr, Brown County, who lives in a new home recently built for her, adjoining the old homestead in which her son, Brooks, lives, was the center of attraction for the friends and neighbors who assembled at the Coffey home recently for an all day beef canning bee. Mrs. Coffey tells many interesting stories of early days in Brown County when everybody's cattle ranged the face of the earth and her husband bought a "small place of 100 acres merely for the water rights. Two little log cabins on the acreage were among the first houses in the vicinity of what afterward became the town of Zephyr.

Mr. and Mrs. Coffey came to Brown County from Lavacca County, where Mrs. Coffey's girlhood days had been spent under the name of Miss Emma McCown. They lived in one of the log houses for a number of years, then when the railroad came to Zephyr (which at that time consisted of a schoolhouse) they purchased several additional hundred acres of land and built a home near the school. Twenty-one years ago Mr. Coffey opened a general merchandise store in Zephyr and operated it until his death five years ago. His son-in-law, I. L. McCown, is still conducting the business in the same rock building in which Mr. Coffey started it. Mrs. Coffey is fortunate in having her family live near her. With the exception of one daughter, Mrs. Good Graves, who lives in Desdemona, all of her six children, thirty-six grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren live within a few miles' radius of the old home. In addition to Mrs. Graves and her son, Brooks, Mrs. Coffey's children are Mesdames W. B. NeSmith, A.F. Shelton, Mattie McCutcheon and I. L. McCown.

Every month we have calls for back numbers of the Frontier Times. We cannot supply back numbers. Our list is growing so fast that it is impossible to estimate just what each month's demand will be. New subscriptions will begin with the current number of the month in which they are received.

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Your Frontier Times is a great periodical, and I read it every month with much interest.—James M. Robertson, Meridian, Texas.

Vernon T. Evans, principal of Kirk school, Mart, Texas, says: "It is my intention to keep several copies of Frontier Times on the reading tables in our school next term. I also want them used in connection with our grade history classes. If I could get back numbers of volume one I would be glad to pay for them."

Cleve Law, real estate dealer, Los Angeles, California, writes; "I failed to receive the June number of Frontier Times, and I usually receive it by the 20th of the month. If you mailed them out on the usual date I wish you would beg, borrow or steal a copy for me, for I wouldn't miss an issue for \$10. I am keeping them and every twelve months I am going to have them bound in a nice book. "Heel Fly Time in Texas" is the most interesting story I ever read. I can hardly wait for next issue. All of my old Texas friends borrow Frontier Times and read it with much pleasure. Best wishes for your success."

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